McKean County Miner.

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ZAFFINO GIVEN A HEARING LAST FRIDAY.

The Man who Murdered Peter Marino at Clermont.

THE MURDER WAS COLD BLOODED.

The Italian Who Was Captured at St. Marys on Wednesday of Last Week Remanded to Jail to Await Trial, by Justice Gleason—Defendant's Plea of Self Defense Shattered—Men Quarreled Over an Umbrella.

Joe Zaffino, the Italian who murdered Peter Marino, a companion, at Clermont Oct. 31, and who was captured at the instigation of two Clermont Italians who recognized him, while waiting for a train at the railroad depot in St. Marys on Wednesday of last week, after eluding the officers for several days, was given a hearing before Justice Gleason of this place last Friday morning at 10 o'clock. Zaffino, who had been brought to Smethport last Thursday morning by County Detective Jones, admitted that he had shot Marino, but claimed self defense.

The following witnesses were examined by District Attorney Guy B. Mayo, Mrs. Harry Ferri acting as interpreter: Dr. W. A. Ostrander, county physician, and Frank Spadifer, Bruno Scrivo, Sam Valente and Tony Riccio, laborers and acquaintances of Zaffino at Clermont, and H. Phillips, a merchant of Clermont.

The story told by the different witnesses was practically the same and in substance is as follows: Marino, the murdered man, with some companions entered the store of H. Phillips at about 9:45 the morning of the 31st, and on emerging therefrom were joined by several other Italians, among whom was Joseph Zaffino. Marino and Zaffino were walking together and entered into an argument over an umbrella, which Marino claimed had been stolen from him by Zaffino. The argument became heated and Zaffino suddenly whipped out a revolver and fired at Marino, the shot penetrating the latter's abdomen, inflicting a fatal wound. When Zaffino produced his shooting iron the other Italians sought safety in flight. After firing the shot, Zaffino threw his revolver into some bushes along the roadway and went to the home of a brother-in-law, Sam Vallente and tried to persuade the latter to join him in flight, with no result, and then took to the woods and succeeded in eluding the authorities up until Wednesday of last week. Marino was taken to the home of Frank Spadifer, where he died the same night at about 1:20 o'clock. Dr. Ostrander of this place, who conducted the autopsy, testified that death resulted from the gun shot wound in the abdomen. Zaffino's plea of self defense was shattered by the testimony which showed that Marino was absolutely unarmed at the time of the tragedy and the murder appears to have been a cold-blooded one in every particular. The men had apparently been good friends previous to the shooting.

After hearing the evidence Justice Gleason committed the defendant to the county jail, in this borough, without bail, to await the next term of criminal court.

CARRIED BULLET MANY YEARS.

Wednesday's Bradford Era says: Gilbert Gosline, a farmer living at Limestone, N. Y., had a peculiar experience on Monday. He is a veteran of the Civil war and well known.

While serving as a soldier in the war Mr. Gosline was shot, a bullet entering the left side of his neck. Monday the ball was taken out after all these years. The leaden pellet had entered the neck, but it came out in the right shoulder. For many years Mr. Gosline paid no attention to the wound but last summer he began to have pains in his right arm and shoulder and supposed that he was a victim of rheumatism. Within the past few days there was one place in the shoulder that was especially painful and a poultice was applied. Monday the veteran was surprised to find the bullet just under the skin, at a point where the most pain was felt. It was then removed.

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CIVIL COURT.

Is In Session In This Place This Week.

The October term of civil court convened at the court house in this borough Monday, Judge Bouton presiding.

The case of Joseph Camado against the Pennsylvania railroad company, was disposed of when Judge Bouton directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendant. A man named Napier owed the prosecutor in this action, a certain amount, it was alleged and Camado tried to garnishee money which he supposed the railroad company owed Napier for services as a contractor. The company showed that it owed Napier nothing and therefore the proceedings failed.

The case of Warren Loop vs. the County of McKean also came to trial. This is an action to obtain a larger amount for lands at present used for a highway, by the county in Eldred and Otto townships. Loop claims his land was undervalued by the viewers who fixed a price on it to the extent of $1,000, and he instituted suit for this amount. The court awarded Mr. Loop $550 for land which was formerly his and is now used for highways in addition to the amount originally set by the viewers.

In a case similar to that of Loop's, Thomas Mulkin was awarded $132.50.

The case of Chas. Finney against Sam Noles, Herbert Bowlby and Emily Bowlby, co-partners doing business as Noles, Bowlby & Co., came to trial Tuesday. Finney sued for $1,000, due for hauling chemical wood.

The jury rendered a verdict of $225.00 for the plaintiff.

In the case of Elizabeth McCann vs. the City of Bradford, a verdict of $800 was given the plaintiff, which was agreed upon by the plaintiff and defendant.

Harriet Burgess, who was injured on the streets of Bradford, got a verdict of $500 for injuries sustained. This verdict was also agreed upon by the contending parties.

The case of Augusta J. Searles vs. the Pennsylvania railroad was nonsuited after the evidence for the plaintiff was heard. This was an Eldred case where the husband of the plaintiff, was found dead along the Pennsylvania tracks, but she was unable to prove that his death was the fault of the railroad company.

The case of W. L. Shively vs. the Pennsylvania railroad company is now on trial. Mr. Shively had his home destroyed by fire last May and claims the fire was started by cinders from a Pennsylvania railroad engine.

This is the last case on the list and court will probably adjourn this afternoon.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Louise Hall Dropped Dead at Coleville.

Mrs. Louise Hall, aged 83 years, dropped dead at her home in Coleville last Monday morning, shortly after 7 o'clock.

This aged lady had apparently been in her usual health up to the time of her death and was in the kitchen of her home when she suddenly collapsed.

Dr. Hamilton of this place was summoned and went to the scene and found that Mrs. Hall's death resulted from natural causes. Coroner Sherman was notified but did not deem it necessary to go to Coleville.

Mrs. Hall was the mother of Ralph Yerdon, of Kane; John Yerdon, of Jamestown, J. S. Yerdon of Bradford, all formerly of Smethport, and one daughter, Mrs. Coleman. Her husband, William Hall, also survives.

Mrs. Hall, who has been a resident of this section for many years, was a woman of many excellent qualities, who was held in high esteem by everyone. At one time she was a frequent Smethport visitor and numbered many friends here.

The Miner unites with many friends in extending condolences to the bereaved family.

The funeral of Mrs. Hall was held at the late home Wednesday afternoon and interment was made in the Smith cemetery, Farmers Valley.

$100 Reward.

The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for the apprehension of the person or persons responsible for the destruction by fire of their hunting lodge on Bayer brook recently.

TOM COLE,
GEORGE BRENNAN.
Smethport, P.

1t

Advertise in The Miner.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED LAST MONDAY.

Have Been Closed Three Weeks on Account of Scarlet Fever.

DANGER OF EPIDEMIC IS PASSED.

No New Cases In Smethport and Quarantine Will Probably Be Raised in a Few Days—One New Case Reported In Outlying Districts.

The borough schools re-opened Monday after a three weeks' shut down owing to the scarlet fever scare. It is now thought that the scare is over.

No new cases have developed within the borough limits and at present there are only five cases confined to four homes. These houses have been watched night and day but as no new cases have developed and the patients are all recovering, half of the watchers have been relieved of duty and the quarantine will be raised in a few days.

No new cases have developed in East Smethport and as the danger stage has passed the watchers have been discharged.

One new case was reported Monday in the outlying districts—a child named Andrews, whose parents reside in the vicinity of the county home. A guard has been established to enforce the quarantine on this house.

Most of the cases in Smethport have been of a mild form and the prompt measures of the authorities in preventing a general epidemic of this dread disease have been most effective and are to be commended.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE.

The Result of the Official Count of the County Votes.

The work of counting the vote at the last election, was completed last Saturday afternoon by the county commissioners. The result as tabulated by the commissioners follows:

For county treasurer—Melvin, R., 4,045; Bagley, D., 1,888; Bagely, K., 459; Swedenjhelm, S., 395; Goding, P., 1.

For sheriff—Peterson, R., 1,882; Bain, D., 3,435; Bain, K., 853; Millward, P., 381; Larsen, S., 307.

Prothonotary—Starsky, R., 3,631; Isherwood, D., 1,832; Isherwood, K., 415; Mitchell, P., 391; Buck, S., 411.

Recorder of Deeds—Choate, R., 3,466; Gleason, D., 1,311; Gleason, P., 732; Gleason, K., 396; Sandberg, S., 566.

Register of Wills—Eastman, R., 3,393; Eastman, D., 1,781; Eastman, K., 312; Anderson, P., 691; Kellets, S., 543.

Clerk of Courts—Foster, R., 3,350; Holder, D., 1,531; Holder, K., 492; Sill, P., 393; Crawford, S., 568.

District Attorney—Wilson, R., 3,291; Wilson, D., 1,760; Wilson, P., 377; Fishback, S., 764; Guy Mayo, 3; William Stanley, 1.

County Commissioners—Anderson, R., 2,953; Marsh, R., 2,821; Cory, D., 1,189; Cory, P., 860; Cory, K., 400; Devlin, D., 2,166; W. H. Dennis, P., 482; Digel, S., 463; Herman, S., 431.

County auditors—Abbey, R., 3,041; Abbott, R., 2,641; Burdick, D., 1,482; Burdick, K., 482; Oviatt, K., 372; Burr, P., 451; Love, P., 540; Anderson, S., 529; Walters, S., 485.

Coroner—Sherman, R., 3,140; Sherman, P., 400; O'Hern, D., 2,066; O'Hern, K., 388; Clark, S., 493; A. J. Duryea, 1.

Amendment No. 1—For, 731; against, 350; No. 2, for, 606; against, 361.

THE OLDS ROD AND GUN CLUB

Has Appointed Game Warden and is Doing Business.

The Olds Rod and Gun Club has appointed a warden to look after their forest reserve at the headwaters of Robbins brook and over-zealous hunters poaching on this tract, which has been duly posted, will be prosecuted according to law. It is the intention not only to preserve the game within the confines of the reserve but to encourage breeding. A special effort will be made to encourage the multiplying of deer on the tract.

The club's fine hunting lodge is now practically finished and is a roomy structure fitted with every perquisite for the hunting man, and the members are now in a position to enjoy the advantages of their fine reserve to the utmost.

FIRE DEPARTMENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Fine Course of Attractions Commences Nov. 27.

The Smethport Fire Department will present another course of entertainments at the Lyceum during the coming winter. The Department has made arrangements with the Antrim Entertainment Bureau of Philadelphia, which furnished last year's course, and a course of four of that bureau's best attractions has been secured. The liberal arrangement of last year has been renewed whereby the department is able to present this course of 50-cent entertainments at a very low figure. Season tickets are only $1.00.

The first number is Peter MacQueen, M. A., Raconteur, author and lecturer, in an illustrated travelogue. Mr. MacQueen describes strange people and strange experiences in strange places, and his interesting lecture is illustrated by colored pictures. He is described as a brilliant entertainer and comes recommended by the highest sources.

The next number is the DeVault Entertainment company, which presents a fine musical program and features Annie Therese DeVault, a talented entertainer who appeared here last winter in conjunction with the Chicago Ladies orchestra, and won many followers. Dec. 18th is the date of this number.

The Fisher-Shipp Concert company appears here Jan. 4th, 1912. This is a company of high class musical artists who present an excellent program.

The concluding attraction is the Chicago Ladies orchestra, Feb. 12. This fine organization appeared here last year and made such a pronounced hit. This year the personnell is practically unchanged and the program presented this season is fully up to last year's high standard.

Within the next few days a committee of the fire department will circulate among the citizens offering season tickets for sale. It behooves everyone to have a dollar ready for the boys. The money raised from these entertainments will go into a fund to purchase a new fire alarm system. At present Smethport is practically without a dependable fire alarm. The fire department, already self-supporting, has taken it upon itself to remedy this condition. It is up to our people to safeguard their own interests. By purchasing a season ticket for the fine course of entertainments you will not only be helping along a good cause, but you will have the privilege of witnessing four fine entertainments that but for a special arrangement existing, would cost you much more to see. Last year $150 was cleared from the course to go into the fund and this year it is desired to complete the amount required to install a suitable alarm system. It is not so much a matter of interest to the firemen as it is to the taxpayers. But the department has taken the matter upon its own shoulders and the public should at least be able to lend support especially when it is of the most practical kind, where you get your money's worth. Get busy and meet the gentlemanly agent with a smile—and a dollar.

DEATH OF MRS. BRADLEY.

The Bradford Star-Record of Tuesday says:

The death of Mrs. Hester E. Bradley, aged 69 years, occurred this morning at 12:15 o'clock at the home of her son, D. R. Bradley, of No. 100 Maplewood avenue, following a few days' illness of pleuro-pneumonia. Deceased is survived by one daughter, Mrs. A. G. Moultono, of Denver, Colo., and one son, David R. Bradley, of Bradford. Mrs. Bradley had lived in this city since 1879. She was a highly esteemed lady who enjoyed a large circle of friends. She was a member of the First Methodist church. Her husband died about two years ago. Following his death, she went to Colorado to live with relatives. She returned to this city last April and has lived with her son since. Prayer services were held at 4 o'clock this afternoon and the body will be taken tomorrow to Bath, N. Y., for burial.

Mrs. Bradley was well known in Smethport, having frequently visited her daughter, the late Mrs. W. J. Kerr. Her many friends will regret to learn of her demise.

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TWO MORE GOOD WELLS IN LOCAL FIELD

Bouton & Forrest and South Penn Oil Co. Get Producer.

A TWENTY BARREL A DAY GUSHER.

The Well of Bouton and Forrest Will Start Off at That Production—South Penn Well Will Be Good for Four Barrels Per Day—Both Wells Shot During the Past Week.

Nellis & Hyatt, the well known local contractors, finished up a fine well for Messrs. J. W. Bouton and John Forrest on the latter's holdings west of this borough, last Friday. This well, which is located on the hill north of the county farm, near the old narrow gauge right-of-way, was shot Tuesday afternoon. The well will start off at 20 barrels of oil per day and will settle down to fine daily production.

The South Penn Oil company shot its No. 4 well on their lease west of this borough last week and it will be good for about 4 barrels of oil per day. This well, which was drilled by Nellis & Hyatt, is located on a southwest line from the Bouton-Forrest well.

The Bouton & Forrest lease is on the Campbell farm and lies west of the county farm lease of the Surprise Oil company, also adjoining the lease of the South Penn Oil company. The new well in common with all the good wells in the field west of town, is located on a line a trifle south of west of the Surprise Co. wells. It is understood that the owners have room for about 20 locations on this lease. They have staked out a location for a third well and it is [illegible] locations on this in the near future.

FATAL HUNTING ACCIDENT.

Mark J. McCollister of Bradford Killed Last Thursday.

The Bradford Era of Friday says: Mark J. McCollister, of No. 134 Pleasant street, a well known citizen, met death in a shocking manner when a shotgun which he carried, was accidently discharged yesterday. The fatality occurred between 9 a. m. and noon, on Newell hill, north of the Bradford hospital.

Mr. McCollister left home early in the morning for a hunting trip. He had a single-barreled shotgun and was alone. The weapon was an old gun and one that could easily be discharged. He had been out hunting with it the day before.

About 11 o'clock yesterday morning a Summer street lad, named Sobel, was returning from a hunting trip on the hill north of the Third ward when he came upon the body of Mr. McCollister lying in the road, which extends from Pleasant street to the top of Newell hill.

A ghastly wound in the left breast and the shotgun lying near by told the story of what had happened.

Young Sobel hurried down town and informed Chief Murray of the finding of the body. The chief, with Coroner Sherman, went to the scene of the shooting and after an investigation, both were of the opinion that the man's death was purely accidental. The body was but a few feet from a barbed wire fence and scratches seen on the stock of the gun indicated that the weapon had been pushed through the wire fence by the hunter and that it was then the accident happened. The clothing and wound showed that the gun was close at hand when discharged. Death must have been instantaneous. Word was sent to the man's wife and family and Undertaker Still was directed to take charge of the body. Later the remains were taken to the late home of the deceased.

Mr. McCollister was a stone mason by trade and he had lived in Bradford for many years. His age was about 55 years. He was an industrious and estimable citizen and had many friends.

He is survived by his widow, three children, Goldys, William and Mabel McCollister, in addition to two sons and one daughter by a former wife.

Store and Flat for Sale.

My Store and Large flat on Mechanic street, possession given on a week's notice. For particulars inquire of or address,

tf MRS. M. L. ARMSTRONG.

RAISED $36,026.82.

That Is the Amount Donated for Stricken Austin.

A report of the Austin Relief Association made public at a meeting in Coudersport recently, shows that various cities and towns have contributed approximately $36,026.82 to stricken Austin. Expenditures so far made by by the committee are something over $2,000.

On motion it was decided to distribute $30,000 among the sufferers. The committee is supplied with Red Cross record cards and these are to be filled out with necessary information by the heads of the families who have suffered losses. These will be divided into four classes, A, B, C and D and the applicants will receive amounts according to their needs. Class A will receive from $200 to $275; B, $150 to $200; C, $100 to $150; D, $50 to $100. This assistance may be in cash, transportation, furniture, or in such way as the committee thinks proper. Some may not receive any amount at once, but it will be put in trust, with Mr. Buck as trustee, to be kept until circumstances warrant its use.

In a short time a report will be made of all the funds received and expended and will be published in the papers as well as in pamphlet form.

RODGERS' MISHAP.

Fell 125 Feet—His Machine Wrecked and He Was Injured—Leo McNally one of his Mechanicians.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 13.—While flying from Pasadena to Long Branch, a distance of 23 miles, officially to end his Atlantic to Pacific journey, by dipping his aeroplane in the Pacific ocean, Aviator C. P. Rodgers met with the worst mishap of his career, falling 125 feet into a field, within sight of his destination owing to failure of his engine.

Although no bones were broken, Rodgers was rendered unconscious. He was badly shaken, his face was scratched and torn, his hands were burned by his motor and he sustained a slight concussion of the brain.

The plucky Aviator on recovering consciousness at a hospital in Pasadena signified his intention of finishing the few remaining miles of the trip as soon as he leaves the hospital, which will be in about ten days' time.

In the meantime the machine which was completely wrecked will be repaired. The worst accident previous to this was when Rodgers' aeroplane was wrecked near Salamanca, N. Y. Since the start from New York the aeroplane has been practically rebuilt.

When Rodgers completes the remaining few miles of his trip he will still be within his schedule and will receive the $50,000 prize offered for the transcontinental flight.

One of the mechanicians who has accompanied Rodgers on his trip and has been responsible for keeping his machine in first-class running order is Leo McNally, a brother of Miss Marie Purtle, of this borough. Mr. McNally, who has been a frequent Smethport visitor and has many friends here, has been called upon to practically build an aeroplane on this trip, and has also learned to navigate one.

THANGSGIVING PROCLAMATION

President Taft has issued his annual Thanksgiving proclamation, calling upon citizens of the United States to celebrate Thursday, Nov. 30th, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. The proclamation reads as follows:

"The people of this land having by long sanction and practice set apart toward the close of each passing year a day on which to cease from their labors and assemble for the purpose of giving praise to Him who is the author of the blessings they have enjoyed, it is my duty as chief executive to designate at this time the day for the fulfillment of this devout purpose.

"Wherefore, I, William Howard Taft, President of the United States of America, designate Thursday, the 30th of November, next, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly call upon all that dwell under the flag of our beloved country, then to meet in their accustomed places of worship to join in offering praise to Almighty God and devout thanks for the loving mercies He has given us.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed."

Thorley's Heart Trouble

He Finds a Satisfactory Cure

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Thorley was convalescing after a long fever, and the sensible family doctor sniffed contemptuously at the suggestion of a change of air as afforded by some fashionable resort, whether north, south, east or west.

"You want to get near to nature. Of course I know that's a hackneyed expression, my boy, but you do want to get as far back in the country as your pocketbook will take you and stay at some isolated farmhouse where you will not want to see anything save the cloud effects when the sun sets over the mountain peak or hear anything except the songs of birds and the blare of the dinner horn. Drink milk and eat eggs morning, noon and night. Sleep and rest and walk and sleep, and I'll guarantee you'll be made over again in three months!"

"Where shall I go?" demanded Thorley helplessly.

"Anywhere. Buy a ticket for the last station on the line and get off there and ask for board at the last house on the turnpike. It's a long chance they'll take you," laughed Dr. Gregory as he turned to go.

A week later Mr. Fred Thorley was uncomfortably established in a red plush covered seat in a dusty passenger coach which was one of three snaking their way slowly after an ancient and asthmatic engine. The single track road led from the junction where Thorley had boarded it straight into the country through rock ribbed crevices dripping with moisture and hung with ferns, past level daisy fields white as the driven snow, shooting into the dim arches of tall woods only to emerge near some highway crossing where the engine shrieked warningly. There were tedious stops at tiny stations that looked like bird houses, and these grew smaller and smaller until when they reached the terminal the station was not much larger than a sentry box.

"Rosedale—all out!" yelled the brakeman, and he lent a strong hand to help Thorley's evident weakness. There was no other passenger, and when his one trunk had been dumped on the platform and the train had

THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER.

coughed its way to a siding Thorley surveyed the rustic scene with some dismay in his town bred eyes.

"And not a vehicle to be had for love or money!" he groaned after his interview with the sleepy agent. "Well, I'll walk to the village. You say it's only a mile and a half? I'll send somebody after my trunk as soon as I find out where I'm going to stop."

The agent awoke suddenly to action.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said aggressively, as if questioning Thorley's right to thus throw himself on the hospitality of Rosedale.

"Any boarding houses?" demanded Thorley. "Any farmhouses that will take a boarder?"

The man shook his head. "Ain't heard of any," he said indifferently.

Thorley turned on his heel and walked down the sandy road which led away between tall growing oaks and chestnuts. The afternoon was advancing, and he was hot and tired and hungry. He chided himself for failing in with Dr. Gregory's ideas. It would have been far better if he had sought a railroad guide book and picked out some good stopping place.

Nevertheless there was a certain element of interest in the fact that he did not know where he was to lay his head that night. For the rather spoiled young man this was a novel experience.

He passed a frame house freshly painted in a pinkish lavender, with green blinds, and he closed his eyes and shook his head.

The next house he came to was a broad and comfortable one, painted white, with green blinds. Grapevines were trellised all about the house, and there were an old fashioned flower garden and rolling slopes of finely kept lawn. In an adjoining pasture a herd of Jerseys showed dun colored against the green grass.

Thorley lingered in front of the gate, eying the place wistfully. Here was the very place for him to recuperate his strength, and yet there was little likelihood that they would let him in, for it evidently was the home of a prosperous farmer—one who had no need to board an invalid young man, no matter how handsome and charming he might be, and Thorley was both of these.

Still, he stood there watching the chickens scratching in the gravel and hearing the soft mumbled lip of the Jerseys as they cropped the clover.

Then came a surprise. A sunbonnet came down a shaded path that wound among thick syringa bushes and bobbed to a standstill before him. They stared at each other, stricken with surprise.

"Well?" said the girl at last, for she was the prettiest farmer's daughter Thorley had ever seen, and he held her brown eyes in his own delighted gaze.

"Well," echoed Thorley, "you see I'm looking for board at a farmhouse. I rather like the looks of this one."

"You do, do you?" she mimicked him, with dancing eyes. "Shall I run and ask Uncle Nathan if he wishes to take a boarder?"

"You wouldn't be so kind?" he cried excitedly.

"Wait," she called over her shoulder and was gone. Presently she returned and beckoned him into the house, where, in the cool recesses of a dim parlor, he concluded a most satisfactory bargain with the girl's aunt, Mrs. Beek, a kindly, white haired woman, who took much interest in an account of his illness. The Beeks sent a wagon after Thorley's trunk, and he was comfortably installed in a large front room, with a fire of hickory logs brightening the cool twilight.

He saw the sunset glory above the mountain peak. He heard the song of birds and the gentle lowing of the cows. He slept in the hammock for hours, lulled by the sweet breezes that swept through the pines. He walked longer distances every day, regaining health and strength as the summer advanced.

In the meantime the pretty niece of the Beeks—Margie they called her—flitted around the place like a slim, bright eyed bird. Sometimes she read to Thorley as he lay in the hammock, and sometimes he read to her, but the themes he chose led by devious ways to the sweet subject of love, and whenever she gained a clew to the thread of his narrative she would fly away with flushed cheeks and eyes hidden behind a soft sweep of long lashes. Then Thorley would not see her for a day or two.

One day Mrs. Beek came out and sat in a big rocking chair near Thorley's hammock and knitted busily at a scarlet shawl.

"Margie is driving with Mart Bently," said Mrs. Beek, as if this piece of news was not the most stupendous blow Thorley had ever experienced.

"Mart Bently," repeated Thorley. "Why, why?" His voice ended interrogatively.

"I expect Margie likes to be with him. You know they were playmates when they were little," said Mrs. Beek calmly.

"I didn't know," said Thorley savagely.

"Of course you couldn't be expected to know about it. I'm glad to see you looking so much better, Mr. Thorley," she went on. "We pride ourselves that Rosedale has been the making of you."

"It has, together with your good care, Mrs. Beek," he said gratefully.

"I hope you'll run out often," said Mrs. Beek pleasantly. "Maybe you have one of those automobiles?"

"Yes, I have, and these roads are all right," said Thorley, with rising spirits. "I suppose Miss Margie will be here all summer."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Beek, rising to leave. "Here come Mart and Margie now. They're a handsome couple."

Thorley did not stop to verify this statement. He turned out of the hammock and strode across the lawn and down through the orchard, where he leaned against the fence which bordered a deep, rumbling brown brook.

His rebellious heart was thumping angrily, strongly. He longed for the touch of Margie's cool, slim fingers and the glance of her soft, dark eyes. But very likely her fingers and her soft glances were for Mart Bently, the good looking young stock raiser, whose place adjoined that of the Beeks.

Thorley did not hear a light step on the orchard grass, and it was not until Margie's slim white clad figure appeared beside him that he knew he was not alone.

He looked at her without speaking for a moment; then suddenly he turned and crushed her hands in his strong grasp. "Marjorie," he said hoarsely, "how long are you intending to keep up the game?"

"I'm only a farmer's daughter"—began Miss Fenton demurely, when something in his eyes drove her to her last defenses. "Fred Thorley, you are the very stupidest mortal"—

"Why?" he broke in eagerly.

"Because you don't understand that I became a farmer's daughter for your sake," she finished with her head on his shoulder. "I was worried to death when you were ill, and I longed to do something for you and I was so jealous of that trained nurse you had"—

"Never noticed her looks," said Thorley cheerfully.

"So I told Dr. Gregory to send you down here, and I would be here to entrap you to coming to Uncle Nathan's, and hasn't it been the most delightful summer you ever spent?" she asked.

Thorley's answer was not audible.

SIGNATURES ON CHECKS.

The Plainer They Are the Less They Appeal to Forgers.

"You ought to sign your check differently, Mr. Blank," said a Chicago bank employee to a depositor whose account runs well up toward $100,000 a year.

"What's the matter with that check?" asked the customer, nettled that, as he thought, it should be intimated he didn't know how to draw a check.

"You misunderstand me," said the teller. "The check's all right. I was referring to your signature. It is just the kind that a forger takes delight in copying. If you will allow me the privilege of saying so, you're liable to meet with loss in that way at any time. Any good penman could imitate it so cleverly you'd hardly know the difference yourself.

"The plainer the signature the less likelihood there is of a crook trying to imitate it," he continued after the depositor had become interested. "In nearly every big forgery of which I ever heard, or in many of them at least, the signature imitated was that of a man who wrote with a flourish or who had some peculiar type of writing that ordinarily would appeal to the lazy as hard to imitate. It is a fact that it is a rare occurrence for a big forger to attempt to imitate the signature of the man who writes a plain hand.

"Not long ago I had occasion to tell a friend of mine he stood a chance of having some forger put a good sized check in on him. My friend changed the style of his signature, and a few days later he was asked by a bank to inspect a check which had been presented for payment and to which his old style signature was attached. He had changed just in time. The forger had been practicing on the old signature, getting it down 'pat' and had not ascertained that the new signature was being used."—Chicago News

CAMELS ARE VICIOUS.

They Have Numerous Dislikes, the Chief of Which Is Man.

A peculiarity of the camel is his dislikes. Like he has none save for the mimosa thorn and, perhaps, for dying. He hates red, and when, years ago, some genius of the British army equipped the squadrons of the camel corps with bright crimson saddles the animals so resented the outrage that numbers of them gave up the ghost in pure disgust.

The camel always, of course, hates man and sometimes displays his vindictiveness in no uncertain manner. A dignified and elderly British officer has been seen to foot it all round the camp in blue silk pajamas, with one slipper and a shaving brush, closely pursued by his own animal, with his long neck stretched to the utmost and his savage mouth much too near that sleeping suit to be pleasant. At length a fatigue party was summoned, who, with telegraph poles, young trees, railway ties and such cajoleries, prevailed upon the beast to desist.

As a mount the camel is said to possess distinct advantages. His gait is comfortable when one has learned to ride him, and for really long journeys, which must perforce be made at a slow pace, he is much less tiring than a horse. Besides, he carries with him all manner of things the rider is likely to need en route—canvas buckets of water, in which bottles stand to cool; a writing desk (not necessarily of the office type), but still an efficient substitute; a luncheon basket, rifles, telescopes, a mountain gun, if required, and other needful articles.

Long Arrow Flights.

There was a marvelous archery feat performed some years ago by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey on the links at Le Touquet. Shooting with a Turkish bow, he covered a distance of 367 yards with his best arrow, thus breaking all records achieved in recent times. This performance, however, seems to have been exceeded with the old national weapon of yew. Neude, a famous archer under Charles I., states that the ordinary range of the bow was from 320 to 400 yards. The longest shot authentically recorded in England is that of a secretary of the Turkish embassy, who in 1794 shot an arrow 403 yards with the wind and 415 against it in the presence of several members of the Royal Toxophilite society, who measured the distance and preserved the arrow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Usual Motion.

To a judge at St. Joseph, Mo., an old negro once applied for a marriage license. It was not the province of the judge to issue such a paper, but, knowing the applicant's history, he asked:

"Ephraim, were you ever married before?"

"Jes' once, jedge," was the reply.

"Wasn't that enough?"

"Nebbe, jedge, but I want a new trial."—St. Louis Republic.

Sarcasm by the Way.

"Look out," said the woman with the determined look, "or that dog will bite a piece out of you."

"Well," replied Plodding Pete, "rememberin' dat handout you passed me last week, I wouldn't blame de pup fur goin' in desperate fur a change of food."—Washington Star.

Pessimistic.

Optimist—A grand mornin' the morn! Misanthrope (grudgingly)—It's no a'thegither ill—(brightening) but, eh, mon, think o' the national debt.—London Sketch.

ZEBRAS IN AFRICA.

They Are a Fearful Pest and a Menace to Civilization.

Zebras in Africa are a nuisance and a menace to civilization, according to John T. McCutcheon in "Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country." He says:

Then there's the ubiquitous zebra, almost as numerous as the kongoni. You see vast herds of zebras at many places along the railway, and thereafter, as you roam about the level spots of east Africa, you are always running into herds of them. At first the sight of a herd of zebras is a surprise, for you have been accustomed to seeing them in the small numbers found in captivity. It is a source of passing wonder that these rare animals should be roaming about the suburbs of towns in hundred lots. You decide that it would be a shame to shoot a zebra and determine not to join in this heartless slaughter.

Later on your sentiments will undergo a change. Everybody will tell you that the zebra is a fearful pest and must be exterminated if civilization and progress are to continue. The zebra is absolutely useless, and efforts to domesticate him have been without good results. He tramps over the plains, breaks down fences, tears up the cultivated fields and really fulfills no mission in life save that of supplying the lions with food. As long as the zebras stay the lions will be there, but the settlers says that the lions are even preferable to the zebras.

Under the old game ordinance expiring December 15, 1909, a sportsman was allowed two zebras under his license. Under the new one he is allowed twenty! That reveals the attitude of east Africa toward the jaunty little striped pony.

THE TONIC OF VICTORY.

Army Surgeons Say It Acts Almost as an Anaesthetic.

Bonnette, a French army surgeon, writes in the Presse Medicale of the extraordinary indifference to the pain of operation manifested by the soldiers of Napoleon while the great conqueror was sweeping victoriously over Europe. While the defeated soldier is full of imaginary terrors, subject to panic, madness and treason, the conqueror, on the other hand, is intoxicated with success, says the New York Medical Journal. Nothing, not even the morbific microbe, can resist troops who believe themselves to be invincible.

Victory is the most powerful of restoratives and deepest of anaesthetics. Legless members of the old guard crowded into an ambulance would at sight of the emperor rise on their stumps to salute him. After Eylau Larrey operated uninterruptedly for thirty-six hours, and he reports how the soldiers seemed unconscious of their own troubles, lost in thought of the glory of their leader, and, maimed as they were, lending their best aid to fellow patients.

At Borodino Larrey disarticulated the shoulder of a colonel, who immediately set out for France on foot, where he arrived after three months walking. After feeding the Beresina, a river in Russia, General Zayonchek, seventy-five years old, had his kneecap shattered by a bullet. Amputation was performed in three minutes in a violent snowstorm and in bitterly cold weather, yet the white haired officer was placed in a sledge and taken to Vilna, where he died at the age of eighty-six years. Many similar anecdotes are told by our civil war veterans.

Stupid Fish.

Professor Harold Russell, the London zoologist, will have none of the popular yarns about the wonderful things fish will do when put to it. He says they are deaf, dumb and virtually color blind. When the calcareous stones are taken out of the ears of fish they lose all sense of equilibrium and roll about as if crazy. Most fish hunt their food by only defective sight, but the eels by even more defective smell. A conger eel with which Professor Russell experimented devoured with the same avidity fish dosed with cheese, anchovy, camphor spirits, turpentine and iodoform.

Where We Aim.

William Dean Howells in one of his talks about literature said: "Good literature is always condemned on its first appearance. That is because, being original, it is new and strange. Shelley's work was bitterly condemned at first. So was Coleridge's. So was Wordsworth's. So was Stephen Crane's." Mr. Howells paused, then added impressively, "Stones are only thrown at those trees which are heavy with fruit."

The Fertile Rock.

Gibraltar is often called a barren rock, yet it has 450 species of indigenous flowering plants. Castor oil plants, daturas and daphnes attain the dignity of trees and geraniums and heliotropes the proportions of hedges. These floral delights often conceal cannon and other armaments. The few snakes that are found are small and harmless. Lizards several inches long are often seen.

Oh!

"The little son of the hostess is mighty ugly, isn't he?"

"Do you think so?"

"He certainly doesn't take after his mother. Must look like his father."

"His mother says he does. I'm his father."—Houston Post.

Dangers are light if they once seem light, and more dangers have deceived men than forced them.—Bacon.

She Loved Her Native City

How a Boston Girl Behaved in England

By HELEN L. WOODRUFF

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Miss Gwendolin Robbins of Boston possessed all the various traits usually attributed to the girls of that city. She was intellectual, well read and independent.

Miss Robbins being in London with some friends endeavored to make up a party to visit the castle of Lord Tidminster at Abercrombie, some twenty miles from the city, but since every one of her fellow tourists was bent on occupation for the day in another direction Miss Robbins determined to make the visit alone. So she boarded a train from Paddington station and on reaching Abercrombie took a cab for the castle.

Abercrombie, though a thriving town today, was in medieval times but a cluster of houses surrounding the castle and a big church as well, occupied by the tenantry of the earl. It is not therefore to be expected that the streets would be very straight or very broad. The cabman was lumbering along at a snail's pace when round a sharp curve came an automobile driven by a young man in a white flannel suit and a straw hat. The cabman lost his head and, instead of going to the right, jerked his horse to the left. Then, seeing his mistake, he gave another jerk to the right. The young man in the auto endeavored to follow the reverse of these variations, but, not knowing which side the cabman would eventually decide upon, did not succeed.

The result was a crash. The cabman went up in the air. The cab broke into many pieces, from which Miss Robbins stepped forth as imperturbably as if she had thrown off a wrap. The young man sprang from his automobile and with a wild look in his eye asked her if she was sure no bones were broken.

She coolly turned to the cabman, who was lying on the stones insensible, and began to direct the matter of taking care of him.

"An ambulance call!" she said to those who were gathering about.

Since no one knew what she meant no ambulance was called. Then, see-

"THIS POST WAS KNOCKED DOWN."

ing a chemist's shop, as they call a drug store in England, near by, she directed several men to carry cabby there. The automobilist, who was watching this self possessed young woman, at this picked up the fallen man and carried him to the shop. Before reaching it cabby recovered his senses and began to howl. It was found that he had got off with a broken arm and rib and a severe contusion of the head.

By this time the automobilist, having recovered his equanimity, issued orders for the man's care and gave him an address where he might call and receive pay for his cab. Then, turning to Miss Robbins, he said:

"Kindly inform me where you were going when I met you and I will take you there in my auto. I don't think it is injured."

"I came here," said the lady, "to visit the castle. Can't I walk there from here?"

"Not on any account. One moment," and, returning to his car, he made a brief examination, then, opening the door of a rear seat, held it waiting for her to approach. She got in with "Thanks, very much."

"Is the castle open to visitors today?" she asked as they sped along.

"No, but I can gain you admittance."

"In that case your misfortune is my gain. I have come out from London to see it."

"Beg pardon, but I should be pleased to know where you are from."

"Why does that interest you?"

"Because I'm quite sure you must hail from a place where young ladies are brought up to be very self reliant. I was amazed to see you take charge of this affair, which was my part."

"I am from Boston."

"Oh, yes, Boston! That's in America, isn't it?"

"New England."

"New England? Now I remember. The New Englanders are much like us old Englanders, aren't they?"

"Very. You have Oxford and Cambridge. We have Cambridge."

"I see. And why, may I ask, do you wish to see this old pile of stones?"

"Because of the historic interest attached to it."

"Historic interest? How's that?"

"Why, don't you know? It was besieged during the Wars of the Roses and taken by the parliamentary forces in Cromwell's time."

"Oh, was it?"

"If you live about here I should think you would have heard of that."

"But I'm not that kind of a fellow, you know. I run to horses and dogs and cricket and all that."

They were climbing an eminence on which the castle stood. Miss Robbins asked if he was sure he could gain admittance for her, and he replied that he would show her over it himself.

"Are you a—a friend of the earl?" she asked.

"I know him well enough."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, he's a good sort; not much brains. He and I were at Oxford together. We went there for the student life."

"I thought you said you were not fond of study."

"I'm not. What I meant by the student life is the boating and the games—in short, the college life barring the lectures. I pulled one year against Cambridge."

They reached the castle, clinkclanged over the drawbridge, under the portcullis and drew up in the court. A lackey came running up to them. The young man said something to him in an undertone, then asked Miss Robbins to follow him.

One of the first interesting points they reached was a portion of the wall built of different stone from the rest.

"This part was knocked down," said the volunteer guide, "by an attack made some time or other, by whom I don't exactly remember. I must ask Bob about it."

"Who is Bob, may I ask?"

"Oh, Bob's the fellow that owns the place."

"Is he at home today?"

"I believe he is. He was to have gone to the city, but I think something turned up to change his plan."

"You say he is not intellectual?"

"Not a whit more than I."

"I would like to see at least a portrait of him. Possibly you may be able to show me one?"

"A portrait of Bob! Why, he wouldn't have that mug of his put on canvas at the king's command!"

"He's not handsome, then?"

"I should say not."

"Has he a family?"

"Mother and sisters."

"What are his sisters like?"

"Oh, they're good girls, but they're a different sort from Americans, especially those who come from Boston."

"In what respect?"

"Why, if one of them should have a cab splintered around her she'd faint and even if not a bit hent would be in bed after it for a fortnight."

"Indeed!"

If there was anything historically interesting about the castle the guide appeared to be unable to bring it out. When he had finished showing the old pile of stones, as he called it, he took Miss Robbins in his auto to the station and before parting with her asked her if he might call upon her in London. She gave him permission and her address. He called the next day and bore an invitation from his friend Bob, as he called him, or, rather, Bob's mother, to luncheon at the castle.

Great were the regrets of the members of Miss Robbins' party that they had not gone with her to Abercrombie that they might have shared in the invitation. Miss Robbins took a train and was met at the station by Lady Tidminster and one of her daughters. They had a great deal to say about what they considered her remarkable presence of mind upon having a cab knocked from around her, and Lady Gwendolin, who was nearly Miss Robbins' age, asked:

"What did you do without your smelling salts?"

After reaching the castle, just before luncheon was served, the young man who had caused the accident and afterward acted as guide bolted into the room and approached the guest, looking very much ashamed of himself.

"Beg pardon," he said, "for going about with you as another fellow, but you see I was so amazed at your action when I ran you down and so ashamed of myself that I didn't like to admit who I was. Hope you won't lay it up against me."

"Please forgive me," pleaded Lady Tidminster. "Bob is a sensitive boy and very retiring."

"Retiring, did you say?" remarked Miss Robbins. "Judging from the rapid way he turns corners in his automobile, I should call him advancing."

The result of this first visit was an invitation to Miss Robbins to spend a fortnight at the castle and that resulted in a letter from the earl, or Bob, as he called himself, making her a proposition of marriage.

It is not usual for an American girl to throw a British title over her shoulder, but Miss Robbins did this very thing.

"If I married you," she wrote him, "my home would be necessarily in Abercrombie. There is no library there and, as I learned when you nearly killed the cabman, not even a town ambulance. It is too late to reform such a place. Boston, on the contrary, is in the foremost files of time and rapidly advancing. Perhaps I could learn to love you, but nothing like Boston."

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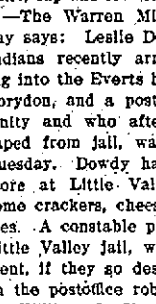

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ESPE SALES COMPANY, - Nashville, Tennessee

The Elean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Good hunting weather.

—Daly & Garlick are advertising roasters in The Miner to-day.

—Read the advertisement of Vogel's Minstrels in another column.

—F. H. Hungiville, the wholesale liquor dealer, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Read the new advertisement of The Lindholm Company in their regular space this week.

—Before buying an overcoat for yourself or boy, you should read Monheimer's advertisement in this issue.

—Fry & Comes have something interesting to say in their advertisement in another column of to-day's issue.

—Read the new advertisement of Scott & Madison, the progressive Bradford musical dealers, in another column.

—The temperature took a drop of some fifty degrees in this section Sunday, following a perfect summer day, Saturday, and some regular winter weather has been on the program this week.

—Amos Brown, Jr., of Bradford, who accidently shot himself in the arm some time ago, inflicting a serious wound, underwent an operation in Buffalo Saturday and it is thought that the member may be saved.

—At the Warren station of the Pennsylvania depot, tickets continue to be sold daily to sons of Italy who are determined to aid their country in the war with Turkey, says the Mirror. They all purchase tickets to New York and sail from that port.

—A young man by the name of Harry Levine escaped from the Warren jail yesterday morning. The police have been notified in nearby towns to be on the lookout. He was under arrest for larceny, and is described as being 21 years old, six feet tall, wore a blue suit, grey flannel shirt, cap and low black shoes.

—The Warren Mirror of last Friday says: Leslie Dowdy, one of the Indians recently arrested for breaking into the Everts hardware store at Corydon, and a postoffice in that vicinity and who after his arrest escaped from jail, was arrested again Tuesday. Dowdy had broken into a store at Little Valley and secured some crackers, cheese and other edibles. A constable placed him in the Little Valley jail, where the government, if they so desire, can get him on the postoffice robbery charge.

—William J. Chambers, of Salamanca, employed as a switchman, by the B., R. & P. railroad, narrowly escaped death Monday morning, when he missed the footboard of a switch engine in the East Salamanca yards. He was recovered from beneath the ash pan of the locomotive. At the Salamanca hospital it was found that his right arm was broken and it was found necessary to amputate the first joint of the index finger of the right hand. Mr. Chambers was also severely bruised and cut.

—A Boston special of the 13th inst. says: Clarence V. T. Richeson, the Cambridge minister, indicted for the murder of Miss Avis Linnell, will face a judge and jury on January 15, the date fixed for his trial late to-day. It was nearly 5 o'clock when the former pastor appeared in the Suffolk county superior court. He took his place in the steel cage for criminals and remained standing during the proceedings. It took the clerk seven minutes to read the indictment and at its conclusion Richeson in a clear voice and without any emotion pleaded "Not Guilty."

—A Philadelphia special of Nov. 13 says: John L. Carneross, the pioneer minstrel and for years the proprietor of the only theatre in the country devoted exclusively to negro minstrelsy, died to-day at the age of 77. Mr. Carneross' playhouse, the Eleventh Street theatre, was one of the institutions of Philadelphia. Mr. Carneross was the father of seven beautiful daughters who were never permitted to visit their father's theatre while he was there, the minstrel not wishing them to see him in black face, and they heard his splendid tenor voice only in the seclusion of the home circle.

—The Bradford Star-Record of last Friday says: George Anunciata of No. 15 Barbour street a cobbler, well known in Bradford as "Tony Mike," died this morning at the Bradford hospital at 10:30 o'clock, of apoplexy. He suffered a stroke yesterday morning and was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition. He never regained consciousness. Deceased was a native of Italy. He was one of the first Italians to take up his residence in this city. For some time he conducted a shoe repairing shop on Davis street. Deceased was about 60 years of age. He leaves a widow and two children.

—On Saturday morning, Clinton Torrey, aged 26, whom relatives supposed was dead, appeared at the home of his mother, Mrs. William Bracey, at Jamestown, N. Y. He left home when he was 15 years of age and his parents advertised widely for him. A few years later his father died and his mother remarried. About two weeks ago, for the first time, he wrote home to inquire about his relatives and learned that his mother was still alive and that she would welcome him. He was then at Dillon, Mont., and on Saturday arrived home. He has traveled extensively all over the country, has been in the South Sea Islands of the Pacific ocean and spent some years in the Argentine republic in South America.

—Sunday will be observed as Rally Day for the Sunday school of the Methodist Episcopal church. At the morning service the pastor will speak on "Sunday Schools—Their Work and Their Workers." A cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all members new and old and prospective and their friends. Parents with their children are especially invited to the morning service at 10:30. The Sunday school will open promptly at 11:45. Special music and short address by the superintendent and others, will be the order of the opening exercises. The pastor will speak in the evening at 7:30, "Life's Interpretors and Interpretations." Preaching service at Crosby at 3 p. m.

—A Warren special of the 10th, says: William Shanti, of Clarendon, who is drilling on the Spinner lease at the head of Morrison Run, succeeded yesterday in bagging a black bear that will weigh in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. Mr. Shanti came upon the bear unexpectedly but fortunately he was armed with a shot gun loaded with ball cartridges and this weapon was used to dispatch bruin. The carcass of the animal was taken to Tidioute, where it will be cut up and the meat offered for sale. This is the fifth bear killed during the past month within 10 miles of Warren and old hunters claim that there are more bears to be found in the woods in this vicinity than at any time in the past 20 years.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald says: Owing to the great increase in the volume of freight being moved over the Mt. Jewett Route, the B. & O. has already been compelled to put on an additional freight train between Mt. Jewett and Foxburg. The new train makes the run daily between the two points, leaving Foxburg at 7 a. m. and arriving in Mt. Jewett at 6 p. m. of the same day, and from here it is advanced the same night via the Erie to Salamanca, and by this process a saving of 24 hours in time is effected between the south and west, and to other points in the north and west. Beyond question, as a result of the advantage in the way of time saved, the Mt. Jewett route is to become a very important one. And this importance must in a measure, benefit this community.

—Eyo Cook, a man who is aged 80 years, and has lived in Elk county for the past sixty-five years, has been hunting and trapping in this county at times for the past forty years. He is a pioneer lumberman and worked more than forty years ago with the late Daniel Scribner on the Eagle Valley saw mill. Last Thursday, while looking after his traps at Laurel Mill, two miles west of town, the old gentleman found a wildcat in one of his traps in the old lumber yard below the saw mill. It was a fierce animal and made a game fight, but the old man picked up a stout club and swatted the brute on the side of the head, ending its wild career. Mr. Cook also caught a mink and a black skunk that same day in his tarps and his earnings from the skins and bounty would amount to about fifteen dollars. He sold the wild cat to some Ridgway men, who have sent it away to have it mounted.—Ridgway Record.

Both Wrong.

Sandy and his master drove up to the small station as the train approached. "Here's yer train, sir," said Sandy. "That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech. "But it's the train I am going by." But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed, "We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the one you're gaun by, but it's the one that's gane by you."

Betrayed.

"Say, mamma, can Anna see in the dark, like a cat?"

"Why, child, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, last night when Cousin Carl was here I heard Anna say in the dark room, 'You must really shave oftener, Carl.'"—Exchange.

If you would abolish avarice you must abolish the parent of it, luxury. —Cicero.

Picturing the Face.

"Why do you photographers always photograph the left side of the face by preference?"

"Because it's the best looking," was the prompt reply. "The left side of the face is always the more regular, and it always shows least the marks of time.

"But," he continued, "if you want to bring out the real character of a face photograph the right side. There nature sets her print. There the lines are bold and unmistakable. There every defect, no less than every excellence, is stamped deep.

"The left side, where everything is softened down, for beauty. The right side, where everything is well rubbed in, for character. Those are the portrait artist's two chief rules."—New York Tribune.

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon Is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,070 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1766 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which buried the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1888-7 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 350 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bonton, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal as well as Mayon has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes, but no very great eruption has occurred since 1864, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.

Curious Forgetfulness.

It is difficult to combine the attributes of the bean and the business man, and the famous Lord Alvanley did not attempt the task. Largely as the result of that philosophy which led him to cavil at a friend's weakness in "muddling away his fortune in paying tradesmen's bills," he one day found himself in financial difficulties and asked Charles Greville, the author of the "Journals," to put his affairs in order. The two men—Mr. Lewis Melville describes the incident in "Some Eccentrics and a Woman"—spent a day over accounts, and Greville found that the task he had undertaken would not be so difficult as he had been given to understand. His relief was not long lived, however, for on the following morning he received a note from Alvanley saying he had quite forgotten a debt of £50,000.

Her Early Resolutions.

This story was told by an Englishman who lived a century ago. He was dining out in London and sat by a lady whom he did not know. Their conversation turned upon early resolutions and how very seldom they were kept, and the lady said: "Well, when I was a girl I made three resolutions—first, I determined that I would never marry a soldier; second, that I would never marry an Irishman, and, third, that I would not be long engaged. And all those three resolutions I broke. Whom do you think I did marry? The Duke of Wellington! He was a soldier and an Irishman, and I was engaged to him for twelve years." This was Lady Katherine Pakenham. It was an unhappy marriage, and the couple mostly lived apart.

In riches dishonestly come by the heirs of the third generation shall not rejoice.—Solomon.

A Hair Raising Accident.

"What was the commotion at the theater the other night when the crowd gathered in the lobby?"

"A lady coming out had a head-on collision with an obtruding gas jet, and her elaborate coiffure was a perfect wreck."

"What was the cause of it?"

"I think a misplaced switch."—Baltimore American.

Spider and Fly.

"Please keep out of my parlor,"
Said the spider to the fly.
"You're loaded with bacteria
That's bound to terrify
The insect sanitarian
Of every breed and brand.
How any one could eat you now
I cannot understand."
—Scranton Tribune-Republican

"Clipping Sunday."

At Painswick, in Gloucestershire, the Sunday following Sept. 8 is called by the curious name of "Clipping Sunday" and connected with a quaint custom. In the churchyard are ninety-nine yew trees, and tradition says that all attempts to complete the hundred by planting another yew have failed, becomes the newcomer invariably dies. Every year before the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady—Sept. 8—these mystic yews are clipped, and the Sunday "in the octave" thus becomes "Clipping Sunday." After service there is a procession of parishioners around the churchyard, and then all join hands and form a ring round the church. Finally they gather at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the chancel door, from which a sermon is preached.—London Chronicle.

City of Three Kings.

Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men," who went to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried. According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne. Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.—St. James' Gazette.

Her Correction.

Two young women were talking over their restaurant luncheon the other day about the quality of a certain prima donna's voice.

"Oh, she can sing," cried one of them enthusiastically. "She certainly can sing. Music like that would coax Apollo from his lyre."

The other girl flushed and looked troubled. After a slight pause she spoke in gentle reproof.

"I don't want to correct you, dear," she said. "But don't you think that word is usually pronounced 'lair?' It is spelled l-a-i-r, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Disinterested Affection.

"I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited from my uncle 100,000 crowns."

"Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."—Der Floh.

The Faultfinders.

Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a misfit.—William Winter.

Stretches Politeness.

The Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I'm afraid. Obsequious Professor (who is instructing the Duchess)—Oh, not at all, your grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left.—Golf Illustrated.

Variety.

Blodds—I never knew a woman so changeable as Mrs. Dashaway.

Slobbs—I know it. She never even wears the same complexion twice."—Philadelphia Record.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

Higher Priced.

Hub—Always complaining about your clothes. You should set your mind on higher things. Wife—I do; on higher things than your circumstances will allow me to buy.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Life's Possibilities.

Hugo: It is a beautiful thing to model a statue and give it life; to mold an intelligence and install truth therein still more beautiful.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

The Next County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Notices of birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1911.

From present indications Chicago appears to be the favored place for holding the G. O. P. National convention for 1912.

A Richmond, Va., dispatch of the 13th inst., says: Henry C. Beattie, Jr., convicted of killing his young wife, must die on November 24 unless the governor sees fit to issue a reprieve. The Supreme Court of Appeals refused a writ of error to-day declaring its belief that the lower court had acted with great justice at the trial. Beattie was informed of the decision of the court by his father who paid a visit to him in the death cell at 1 o'clock. He received the news with the same grim look of determination and defiance that marked his countenance during the darker hours of his trial.

A Cleveland dispatch of last week says: William Rockefeller, the father of John D., William and Frank, died one year ago last May. This just became known through sources within the family and is the first word since the Ida Tarbell story of the Elder Rockefeller, the horse trader. After the Tarbell attack, none of the Rockefeller family would say if he was living or dead, if living, where. It was thought he was on Frank's western ranch, but he was living in New York state and was nearly 100 years old when he died. Secrecy regarding his grave, but it is intimated that he lies near the graves of Frank, his son, and children. John D. fears if its location is made public ghouls would seek the body and extort a ransom.

The Bradford Era of Wednesday says: The Era is pleased to learn that Horace H. Redfield, one of the most estimable citizens of McKean county, will be a Republican candidate in the April primaries for nomination for assemblyman. Mr. Redfield is a man against whom no word of censure can be truthfully uttered. His record is a clean one and his aims and purposes are of the highest. When he was a candidate for this office last year, conditions existed which placed him at a disadvantage. The Republican party was split in twain and opposition candidates were successful. That state of affairs has been obliterated. The Republicans of the county are now reunited—and unbossed. That they will nominate and elect Mr. Redfield is reasonable to expect and when elected he will be found to be one of the most conscientious men the people of this county could select to represent them in the state legislature.

THE WINDOW GLASS SITUATION.

Things Don't Look Very Bright for The Present. Another Meeting of Manufacturers Will Be Held Next Week.

At the wage conference held in Cleveland on Saturday of last week between committees representing hand manufacturers and the National Window Glass Workers an 18 per cent. reduction was conceded on single, 22 per cent. on double and 30 per cent. on triple, from the wages in effect to the date of the conference, this representing a 30 per cent. cut from the flat rate provided for under the stipulations of the Cleveland scale. Prior to last Saturday's reduction wages of single strength workmen had been reduced 12 per cent. and double strength 8 per cent. The reduction conceded is not satisfactory to manufacturers operating with fuel cost, and as a result their plants will remain idle. Factories with a fuel cost of 4 cents per thousand cubic feet, it is stated, will be able to break even, so that any reduction in price conceded from the latest official discounts of machine manufacturers will represent just so much loss to operators resorting to price cut methods. The new wage rate became effective on November 4th, and under its stipulations the earnings of a blower for turning out fifty boxes will be $15 a week, gatherer $12.37, cutter $15.48 and flattener $12.37. Simultaneously with the reducing of wages in hand plants a corresponding reduction went into effect in the cutting and flattening departments at the factories of the American Window Glass Co., while a labor saving is being effected in the blowing department by a change in the premium rate. Heretofore a premium was paid in the blowing department at machine plants on all glass made in excess of twenty boxes. This has been changed, with the consent and approval of the workmen, to thirty boxes, and under the new rate machine blowers will earn $18.60 per week, ladlers, $17.70 and cappers, $16.50, so that the earnings of these workmen under the revised wage scale will be materially higher than the pay of blowers and gatherers in hand factories. This is the first reduction this class of labor has received in five years. In this connection the fact should not be lost sight of that only about two weeks is required to train men for work in the blowing department of machine plants, while an apprenticeship of from three to four years is necessary in order to develop a skilled hand blower. With these facts at their disposal it will not be hard for outlookers to determine the relative position of the contestants. That the jobbing trade has arrived at the conclusion that the wage cutting game has now played itself out is indicated in that the action taken at Cleveland last Saturday has not to any considerable extent reflected itself in a checking of buying, which has been quite brisk since the low prices came out on October 27th. On Wednesday of next week, November 15th, a general meeting of the National Window Glass Manufacturers' Association will be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh.—National Glass Budget.

HE CAUSED A SCENE.

George Wilcox Swallowed Laudanum and Ran Wildly Away.

George Wilcox, a teamster, made an unsuccessful attempt to end his earthly career last Saturday night by taking a dose of laudanum. He was hurried to the hospital in Still's ambulance and given medical attention by Dr. O'Hern.

Wilcox swallowed the drug while on West Washington street. He did not remain on that street long but kept on going until ambulance calls were sent in from several different localities. About 11:30 p. m. there were two ambulances out after him. The drivers of the vehicles found on West Washington street that the would be suicide was on School street. There it was learned that he had gone toward Bennett street. Still's ambulance driver succeeded in locating the man in the rear of the former Wright & Pease barn on Bennett street. Wilcox was in fearful condition and it required several men to hold him. At the hospital Dr. O'Hern applied the usual antidotes and Wilcox was soon out of danger.

Wilcox, it is said, has made previous attempts to end his life by the poison route, but so far has been unsuccessful.—Bradford Era.

"THE RADIUM PALACE."

Big Feature of Vogel's Minstrels Whic Show Here Friday Night.

The first part of Vogel's Big City Minstrels for this season will be known as "The Radium Palace," from the fact that the entire stage will be set with myriads of scintillating opalescent jets, of what might be termed "imprisoned sunshine." To be more specific, the entire First Part setting will be hung with multi-colored beads, imported by Mr. Vogel from the best and biggest factory in Bucharest, Roumania. This country has for years been known as the greatest producer of fine glassware, the finest of Bohemian jets and crystals being made there. These beads were made specially for Mr. Vogel by the firm of Narodno, Kranitz & Co., the firm that a few years ago was successful in producing the famous "scientific diamond," which was the outcome of years of patient study by one of the foremost alchemists of Europe. This perfect diamond was produced by a combination of atmospheric changes and chemical combustion. The beads made for Mr. Vogel were specially hardened by a process known only to the firm above mentioned, and are capable of sustaining a pressure of one hundred times their own weight. This was found necessary, as in being hung and taken down each day in short order, the whole set would have been a mass of broken glass. The beads are strung on a double set of electric wires, so made that an arc is formed in every second bead, causing an alternating prismatic spectrum that sends out flashes of color that is beyond written description, bewildering in its magnificent, dazzling and fairy-like beauty. The beads are octagonal in form, and are colored with a special pigment that has been treated chemically in a soluble form of radium. This coloring is on the inside and the beveled edges of the beads cause a refraction equal to three times the eight sides. A special electric plant, operated with storage batteries and the usual electric current taken through a special rheostat, is carried to work out the effect. The wiring and electric apparatus was made especially for Mr. Vogel by the firm of Siemens & Halske, the foremost electrical experts of Berlin, Germany.

This big show will appear at the Smethport Lyceum to-morrow ,Friday, evening.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SIBLEY BUYS FARM.

Franklin, Nov. 10.—At 11 o'clock this forenoon Hon. Joseph C. Sibley purchased the 600-acre Argeon farm in Cranberry township from R. G. Lamberton, and this afternoon he bought from B. F. Brundred of Oil City, 160 acres adjacent to it. In neither case was the consideration given out. The land extends from the Fairview plan of lots, across the river from Franklin, to a point about opposite Reno, the land having a river frontage of approximately two and a half miles.

Beyond the fact that he would farm the land Mr. Sibley would make no statement to-day relative to his intentions. It is understood, however, that he intends making the farm one of the best to be found in this section, if not in the State. He said to-day that for many years he had possessed theories relative to the development of waste hillside land, and this will be an incident of his operation of his new farm. He believes by sub-irrigation he can make the hill of his land yield remarkable results. This method is expensive, however, and he will try it only on a limited scale at first. Mr. Sibley said to-day that he had in his mind the outlines of an attractive picture, and he hoped to be able to fill in details gradually. The development and improvement of his property, however, will depend altogether on the length of time that is given him to live. He expects to spend the remaining days on his new place.

"I shall have three railroads within view and a highway to Oil City nearby," he said to-day, "which will keep me in touch with the activities of the world, yet I shall be secluded. I hope here to find peace, happiness and contentment as long as the Lord permits me to live."

TRADE PROSPECTS NOT BRIGHT.

The Kane Republican of Monday says: A large gathering of men representing the National Window Glass Workers' Association, met in the hall over the First National bank building yesterday afternoon for the purpose of discussing the present conditions in the window glass business. President Joseph Neenan of Cleveland was present and spoke for some time on the conditions of the glass business to-day and what the future outlook would be, which is not very bright owing to the high cost of fuel in some places and the recent cut made in glass by the American Window Glass Company at their several plants throughout the country. No definite conclusion could be reached as to what the present situation would be here in this vicinity, but the president stated that he knew of three factories that would operate at once—two in West Virginia and one in Ohio, and that if the Kane men so desired he would do what he could to place them in positions at these factories.

On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, a general meeting of the National Window Glass Manufacturers' Association will be held at Pittsburgh, and the result of this will be watched with interest by the workers.

"Heap Much Washee."
Guaranteed work. Prices right. Kane agency. Bell 'Phone 57L.
WM. BROWNELL.

BE A WEATHER PROPHET.

By looking for the following signs anyone may become their own weather prophet.

Goose Bone—If thick and spotted, severe winter; if thin, open winter.

Bears—If bear tracks are seen after the first snowfall, an open and mild winter may be expected.

Crows—If crows fly south, a severe winter may be expected.

Cranes—If cranes appear early in autumn, look for a severe winter.

Woodpeckers—If woodpeckers peck at the bottom of a tree, look for an open and mild winter.

Field Larks—If these birds are in flocks in autumn, a severe winter is expected.

Trees—If the moss grows thick on the north side of a tree, a severe winter is expected.

Fish Worms—If they are near the surface of the soil, look for a mild winter.

Hickory Nuts—If they have thick husks, buy an extra ton of coal.

Wanted.
Four men to canvass for a popular book of much interest to farmers. For further particulars inquire for W. J. McGraw at the Commercial House, Smethport. 1t

For Sale.
Several used automobiles, at your own price. Write for particulars.
J. R. CURRY,
Nov.2-3t Ridgway, Pa.

For Sale.
Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address
H. W. JONES, Liveryman.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mahde Irons returned to-day from Erie, Pa.

Miss Bessie Engstrom was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Dr. B. H. Hall of Bradford had business at court this week.

Miss Chrystal Comes was the guest of Kane friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Miss Rose Allen was the guest of Mt. Jewett friends last week.

Chesleigh McNally of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

A. F. Bunnon, Jr., of Hornell was an attendant at court this week.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town this week.

Mrs. Rose M. Orr of Warren is the guest of her niece, Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer and Mrs. S. F. Redfield were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

J. F. Tuohy of Eldred was a caller at this office Monday while in town on business.

The Misses Paula and Pauline Young of Geneva, N. Y., are the guests of relatives in town.

Misses Orra Gleason and Edna Freeman returned Saturday form a week's visit at Philadelphia.

Miss Margaret Curtiss was the guest of her sister, Miss Dorothy Curtiss, at Ithaca, N. Y., last week.

Mrs. Floyd Nichols who has been the guest of Coudersport relatives and friends returned home Saturday.

Raymond Stull left to-day for Corpus Christi, Texas, where he has been engaged to drive W. L. Hammar's automobile.

Mrs. W. L. Hammar and children left yesterday for Corpus Christi, Texas, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. B. F. Warnburg and children returned to Smethport Saturday after an extended visit with relatives and friends at Baltimore.

E. J. Shattuck of Linesville, who has been the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Harry L. Backus, left this morning for Wellsville, N. Y.

Miss Emma Tretton returned home Monday from Rochester, N. Y., where she had been the guest of her brother, Dr. John Tretton, and family.

John Nelson of Bradford was a juror at court this week, and took time to amuse several of his friends with his clever sleight of hand tricks.

Mrs. F. L. Sherburne returned home Saturday from Rochester, N. Y., where she had been to visit her daughters, Inza and Myra, who are students at Mechanics' Institute.

M. J. Barr, the socialist candidate for mayor of Bradford at the recent election, has been a court attendant this week and during his stay in town was a caller at The Miner office. Mr. Barr is a sincere and enthusiastic advocate of the socialist cause and received a most flattering vote in his recent candidacy.

Never Fails.
You can always start an argument with a woman by telling her the best pastry cook is employed by a bakery.—Atchison Globe.

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address
H. L. BACKUS,
Smethport, Pa.

Millinery for Winter.
My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Lyceum Theatre
Friday, Nov. 17th
JOHN W. VOGEL'S *BIG CITY MINSTRELS*

W. VOGEL

A Prodigious Body of Stellar lights, presenting an unrestrained current of Melifluous Songs, Facetious Sayings, and Daring Awe-Inspiring Undertakings.

Reiterating Former Triumphs.

Paramount Organization of the Minstrel World.

Don't miss the Big Parade at 11 o'clock a. m.

Sale of seats begins Wednesday, November 15, at Well's Drug Store.
Prices: 75c, 50c, 35c, and 25c

H. W. RUBIN

WE ARE AFTER THE MEN

You know us but come in and get acquainted with our good Suits and Overcoats. We please everybody because we stand back of everything we sell.

The best stuff for the least money at this store.

H. W. Rubin

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

PIANOS

IT IS NOT TO EARLY TO SELECT ONE FOR XMAS.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for Lester, Stulz, Bauer, Krannich, & Bach and other high grade PIANOS.

Victrolas from $15.00 to $200.

SCOTT & MADISON
SUCCESSORS TO
J. W. MILLIGAN
117 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PA.

THE HUNTING SEASON

will soon be on, and the tramp, tramp of the seeker for game will be heard throughout the land. It is time for good, heavy, serviceable shoes. Have you your hunting footwear? If not, come here to our store, and let us show the best shoes for hunting and all-around wear you ever saw. You can't wear 'em out.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
SMETHPORT, PA.

YOU Should Have An ADVERTISEMENT HERE

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

The Store of Quality Low Price.

NEW ARRIVALS

A large assortment of Christmas Ribbons all the shades in 1½, 2, 5, 7, and many of the popular shades in all widths.

Aviater Caps.

For the little Tots, Misses and Ladies made of the Eider-Down yarn 25c, 50c, 75c, to $1.19.

Warm Mittens and Gloves.

Our line is complete in the golf gloves and mittens, for Misses, Ladies and Men, 15c to 50c.

Underwear.

CHILDREN'S, in nice quality in cream white and grey cotton fleeced and all wool, in single piece garments and union suits.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR, in cotton and wool all sizes 30c to $2.50.

MEN and BOYS Underwear, Jaeger fleeced of extra good quality at the popular prices.

Canvas Gloves

Men's white canvas gloves with knit wrists, 3 pair 25c.

Hose.

Mens, boys, Misses and ladies all wool hose 25c to 50c.

Bedding

Just received a new line of feather pillows ranging in price from 75c each to $4.00 a pair.

COMFORTABLES in many different qualities, made of good materials and good sizes, ranging price from $1 to $3.

BED BLANKETS, Now is when you need them and you can be suited here. We have a large assortment from the babies teddy bear blankets to the large bed size, ranging price from 69c to $5.00.

KNITTING YARN, Fleisher's Germantown Savory and knitting yarn in all shades.

Eider down yarn for the aviator caps in pink, light and navy blue, brown, Black, white, gray and cardinal, skein 18c.

NIGHT GOWNS, ladies, mens and boys outing flannel night gowns.

Ladies Outing Flabuel and knit petticoats 50c each.

New patterns in flannelettes.

Shoes.

New line of shoes in velvet tops, Patent leather and tan shoes in toe latest styles at the right prices, Rubbers to fit them. New line of soft soles for baby. New line in Misses and childrens.

Scarfs

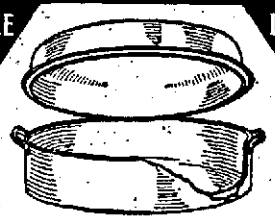
Scarfs in white, Pink, lavendar and light blue, 25 inches wide 54 inches long, Hemstitched, each 50c.

The Lindholm Co.

SAVORY ROASTER

SAVORY PRIZE RECIPE BOOK WITH EVERY ROASTER

DELICIOUS "ECONOMY DINNERS" ARE A FEATURE



BETTER TASTING MEATS FOR LESS MONEY.

For Sale By

DALY & GARLICK

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1911.

—Don't miss seeing Vogel's Minstrels.

—There i sa large attendance at court this week.

—The deer season in Pennsylvania opened yesterday.

—Mrs. W. L. Palmer entertained Monday evening.

—Seats are now on sale for Vogel's minstrels. Secure yours at once.

—A new roof is being placed on the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. building.

—Don't forget the clam chowder supper at St. Elizabeth's church next Saturady evening.

—Mrs. J. Clayton Backus entertained the Kensington Club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

—The plant of the American-French-Belgium Glass company at DuBois has been forced into bankruptcy.

—Secure your seats for Vogel's Big City minstrels which will appear at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—Miss Marion Gallup entertained a few of her friends at her home on Green street Saturday evening.

—Mrs. C. W. Freeman very pleasantyl entertained the Stitchery at her home last Friday afternoon.

—John Covely has moved his family into the house owned by Mrs. Sarah Richmond on Green street.

—The Bridge Whist Club is being entertained this afternoon at the home of Miss Rachel Mayo on West Main street.

—The Stockford Dramatic Co., which was to have played a week's engagement at the Lyceum next week, has been cancelled.

—A letter from Mrs. E. A. Freeman conveys the intelligence that that lady is now in Battle Creek, Mich., where she will spend the winter.

—Jamestown, N. Y., was visited by a $50,000 fire, which swept through two blocks in the business section of the city Tuesday afternoon.

—Henry Scott, the Kushequa railroad engineer, is moving his family into the house recently vacated by W. B. Means on West Green street.

—Miss Lelia Hackett left Tuesday for Port Allegany where she will identify herself with Mrs. M. E. G. Ventries in the greenhouse business.

—The St. Christopher's Guild of St. Luke's church will hold their annual fair and supper at the parish house, Wednesday evening, December 6th.

—A party of Smethport hunters are passing the week at the lodge of the Olds Rod and Gun Club on this preserve on Robbins brook, south of this borough.

—The Espe Sales Company, of Nashville, Tenn., has a large advertisement in another column of pocket base ball, a fascinating new game. Look it up.

—Mrs. Charles Leet entertained a number of young people Tuesday evening in honor of her son, Raymond Stull, who leaves to-day for Corpus Christi, Texas.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will give a clam chowder supper in the dining parlors under St. Elizabeth's erything to eat for 25 cents. Supper starts at 5:30.

—Wm. Chase of Bradford was brought to Smethport Tuesday by Constable Cline and lodged in the county jail to await trial, on an unmentionable charge.

—Part of the machinery of the abandoned stone quarry of Higgins & Flunerty, of Waverly, at Rock Ledge, west of this borough, is to be removed by the owners.

—The Misess Edith and Lena Young entertained a party of friends at their home on Center street last evening in honor of their cousins, Paula and Pauline Young, of Geneva, N. Y.

—David Parnell is dangerously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Amster, on Bank street. The many friends of this esteemed gentleman will unite in the hope for his recovery.

—Fourteen friends of Mrs. C. B. Dickinson tendered that lady a surprise party at her home on Bank street Monday evening, the occasion being in honor of her birthday anniversary.

—Rev. J. Booth is conducting a series of revival meetings at the Baptist church which are being well attended. This series of meetings which started last Thursday, will come to a close next Sunday.

—It is announced that the Loyal Order of Moose contributed a total of $12,000 for the Austin flood sufferers. The money was sent to the grand lodge and distributed from that organization.

—About thirty friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Swanson, on West Main street, Saturday evening, the occasion being the first wedding anniversary of that popular couple. A most pleasant evening was spent.

—Watch for Vogel's minstrel parade tomorrow. The company, which travels in its own Pullman cars, is one of the best on the road, and carries a fine band, which gives concerts at noon and evening. The company numbers 32 people.

—The No. 6 well of the South Penn Oil Co., on their lease west of Smethport, is one of the best wells in this section. The Miner is informed that this well, which was shot in August, is still holding up to a production of twelve barrels every day.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained the St. Christopher's Guild of St. Luke's church at a six o'clock picnic dinner Tuesday evening. The event was in honor of Mrs. W. L. Hammar who left Wednesday morning for an extended sojourn in Corpus Christi, Texas.

—A Richmond, Va., dispatch of Nov. 15th says: Governor Mann today refused to interfere in the case of Henry Clay Beattie and the young man who was convicted of killing his wife while automobile riding will go to the electric chair on Friday, November 24.

—J. W. Lee, cashier at the Grange National bank, who suffered a severe stroke of facial paralysis last week, is again able to be about, much to the delight of his many friends. He is rapidly recovering from the effects of his illness, the nature of which was at first considered serious.

—The Hi Sigma Rho fraternity will give one of their popular dancing parties at the Lyceum Thanksgiving eve., Nov. 29. A large number of invitations are being issued and the event promises to be an elaborate one. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for the occasion.

—The garage of the Backus Novelty company on Water street, closed for the season last Saturday. The volume of business handled by this concern during the past few months has been unusually large and exceeded the fondest expectations of the promoters.

—John Haley, who has been a patient at the Bon Air sanatarium, near Bradford, during the past several months, has been a guest of his brother, Harry Haley, of this borough, during the past week. John has practically regained his health and is feeling better than he has for several years, all of which will be good news to his many friends.

—The first woman jury in Los Angeles, Calif., was dismissed the other day after wasting several hours and the closest the members came to agreeing was an all around decision to disagree, not even being able to decide where they would lunch, all of which goes to substantiate Kipling's recent and much discussed poem: "She—the other law we live by—is that law and nothing else."

—Evan Shirley, of Kushequa, who has been confined to the county jail in this borough, charged with having entered the Kushequa postoffice, and stealing $4 in money and $5 in postage stamps, recently, will be taken before United States Commissioner Shawkey at Warren, Pa., to-day, (Thursday) for a hearing. Postoffice Inspector L. A. Johnson appeared before Commissioner Shawkey and made complaint against Shirley.

—Chas. McVean, the Adams express man, believes in being right up to the minute. He is now making his deliveries in a new Reo automobile truck, which he placed in commission Tuesday. The truck which has a capacity of 1500 pounds, is of 15 horsepower and is certainly a beauty. If the machine makes good under local conditions, Mr. McVean intends to purchase another and larger one to look after his freight business.

—The famous "spirit" well at Gaines, in Tioga county, is still drilling and after two years is reported to have reached a depth of 4,800 feet. For many months the drillers have been trying to drill through a mass of quicksand, but up to the present time their efforts have been fruitless. Tons of the stuff has been bailed out of the hole, but its absence is quickly supplied by equal quantities and the drilling is no farther ahead than it was six months ago.

—Fire broke out in the J. R. Johnson building at Mt. Jewett early Tuesday morning. The blaze started in a bath room and communicated with the attic, burning the roof from the building. The fire was soon under control. The building includes two stores and a dwelling. On the first floor is a grocery stoer owned by J. R. Johnson, and a shoe store owned by A. Lindahl. The rooms over the store are occupied by Ernest Johnson while a dwelling in connection, is rented by Dr. Elliott. The goods in the store were damaged to some extent by water.

—The following from the Mt. Jewett Herald is fully applicable to conditions as they exist in Smethport: At a result of a little advertising by the merchants of Kane in the newspaper and printed circulars, and a cut rate from Mt. Jewett to their city via the B. & O. railroad, 60 people are in Kane to-day (Friday, Nov. 10th, 1911,) spending money that might have been held at home. Mt. Jewett has a few merchants who have learned that it pays to advertise, a few more who will learn, in time, and over and beyond these, a number who will never learn that, or any other thing.

—State constabulary or game wardens are compelled under extreme measures to kill all ferrets they confiscate from hunters either going into the woods or returning from hunting them. The topography of the country hereabouts, says the Titusville Herald, is so rough and rocky that most nimrods find it difficult to get a rabbit in a day's hunt on snowy days without the assistance of a ferret, and the custom has been "winked" at almost as generally as the custom of fishing on Sunday, which is also a violation of the law. But now there is a new order of things—and the members of the State constabulary are enforcing the order.

—Rev. Arthur S. Howe of San Jose, Cal., delivered a lecture at the court house Tuesday evening on Sociology and Economics. Mr. Howe, who is one of the leading socialists of the country, is an eloquent speaker and made an excellent impression on his auditors. J. M. Barr, socialist candidate for mayor of Bradford at the recent election, was also present and addressed the meeting. The socialist movement is a growing one, and the party has progressed beyond the stage of being considered a joke, as elections throughout the country during the past two or three years attest. With leaders throughout the country of the caliber of Messrs. Howe and Barr the cause is growing to an extent to make the older parties sit up and take notice.

—The Pennsylvania Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows is to raise $10,000 for the Austin flood sufferers. The next day after the flood the Grand Officer of the State turned over $1,000,00 in cash from the emergency fund, to be used in behalf of the flood victims. Now the Grand Lodge officers have taken upon themselves to raise $10,000.00 among the subordinate lodges of the state, for use at Austin for the flood sufferers. This will be an easy matter as there are about 1100 subordinate lodges in the state, and quite a number of encampments. At Austin the Odd Fellows hall was turned into immediate use, for housing the survivors and receiving the dead. The whole membership at that place were organized into a rescue committee. However the lodge was fortunate, losing but a daughter of an Odd Fellow, out of the entire Odd Fellow families.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending November 11th, 1911:

Green, Mr. J. S.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

My wife, Bertha Master, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and I hereby forbid all persons trusting her on my account.

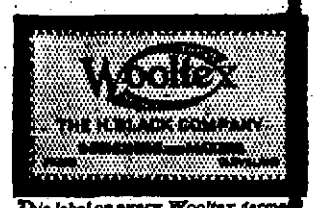
FRANK MASTER.

Advertise in The Miner.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Quiett Shorts

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS "WOOLTEX"



This label on every Wooltex garment

If you've put off buying the winter coat come now and get one of the beautiful new "WOOLTEX" garments.

There's a lasting charm about the Wooltex Suit, Coat and Skirt that makes permanent friends of women who love to be well dressed at moderate cost—They are guaranteed to retain their graceful lines, guaranteed not to shrink or sag—in short, guaranteed to give you complete satisfaction through two seasons of the hardest kind of wear.

Fur Coats.

Black Russian Pony.

We offer two grades of Ladies Pony Coats which are much better value than most of the big city stores are giving this season. They are made from the finest selected skins and lined with "Skinners" satin. Length 52 in.

Price $47.50 and $60.

Knit Goods

The Knit goods stock will help you over the cold weather in comfort.

Ladies Aeroplane Caps $1.00 to $1.35.
Ladies Sweaters $1.00 to $1.75
Ladies Golf Gloves 25c to 50 cents.
Childs Gloves & Mittens 10c to 50c.
Mens Sweaters $1 50 to $3 50.
Mens Golf Gloves 25c to 50c.
And numerous other items.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

Less Than 1-2 PRICE

For Warm Styles.

Winter Overcoats

SIZES 34 TO 42

They are worth EVERY CENT of the regular price, but we are going to CLEAN 'EM UP at these low prices.

$3.50 for $7.50 or $8.50 Over coats.
$5 00 for $10.00 or $12 00 Over coats.
$7 00 for $13.00 or $15.0 Over coats.

Boys Over Coats

AGED 5 to 15

at $2.00 to $4 50 worth $4.50 to $8.0.

Don't buy an over coat until you have seen and examined these wonderful bargains at

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Four Cardinal Points

The

The Grocery Business

of

CLEANLINESS! QUALITY! PRICE! SERVICE.

You are Entitled to Them,

We Observe them all!

F. W. Brownell,

PHONE 7.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GARAGE

Up-to-date; modern; fireproof.

NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

REPAIR DEPARTMENT

Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.

Dealers in "E-M-F," "FLANDERS," "SELDEN" and "PEERLESS" Cars

FISK TIRES

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., Smethport, Pa.

The Gate In The Hedge

Why It Was Closed and How Opened

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Pauline hummed a tune under her breath as she tied the ribbons of her little white shoes and reached for her tennis racket. With a swing of snowy linen skirts she tripped down the stairs and out into the golden California sunshine.

Playing tennis by oneself is never an entertaining pastime, but it is good exercise, and when one lives with a beautiful but melancholy maiden aunt on a retired country estate even daily gymnastics can border on the wildest excitement.

Pauline's method consisted in serving one or more balls across the net and then dashing around into the opposite court and returning the service with lightning rapidity and again darting back to return the stroke.

Pauline flitted back and forth with pink cheeks and shining eyes. Her loosened hair fell in two long braids below her slender waist, and under her breath she hummed the happy little tune broken by panting breath.

Once her strong young arm sent the ball sailing high over the tall hedge of Cherokee roses into the grounds of the adjoining estate, and it was returned to her with such surprising swiftness that involuntarily she sent it back again with a cry of triumph.

Again it returned, and once more Pauline sent it flying over the hedge.

There was a sharp exclamation, soft steps on the turf, and then over the dividing wall of roses appeared a shock of sun bleached hair, a pair of good gray eyes and a handsome tanned countenance.

"Knocked me out there, little girl," grinned the young man, holding out the ball.

Pauline's hands flew to her long braids and wound them in their accustomed coronet. Even then she did not look a day over fifteen, while she was really twenty-two.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, his grin fading away. "I thought you were a little girl, don't you know."

"I am not," explained Pauline with dignity. "Thank you for returning the ball," holding out her hand. "Why, it's not mine," she added, with a puzzled glance at him, "although it has my initials on it."

"P. G.?" laughed the man. "Those are mine too. I'm Paul Graham—I live in the stone house yonder," he explained. "Your ball disappeared, and I substituted this one."

"I know," said Pauline, with a shy smile. "I've peeped at the house through the trees. It looks very lonely and mysterious with its shuttered windows."

"They are all wide open now, and if you care for neighbors—here we are!" He smiled ingratiatingly. "I've heard there used to be a gate in this Cherokee hedge. I wonder where it is."

Pauline flushed delicately and looked away with embarrassed eyes. "I believe the gate was down in the rose garden. It is nailed up now and over grown with roses."

"Why was it nailed up? Do you know?" he asked bluntly.

She shook her head slightly. "I have often wondered. Once I asked my aunt, Miss Greye, but she never answered my question. A gate between two gardens always seems so friendly. Don't you think so?"

He nodded. "This used to be our home, you know—the stone house. I mean—but it is many years since we lived here. Since I was a little boy I distinctly recollect that gate in the hedge, and I have always retained a vision of a stately young woman with jet black hair and a coldly beautiful face, who walked in a wilderness of roses on the other side of the gate."

"That must have been Aunt Ruth," said Pauline. "Only her hair is like snow. But she is still beautiful and so cold. I wish she were not."

"I'm taking a holiday. I wish your aunt would invite me over to play tennis. Perhaps she remembers me," suggested Graham.

"I'm sure she would invite you if she knew you were here," said Pauline politely. "I must run in now. She would scold if she knew I had talked so long with a stranger. But it's awfully dull here. That is my only excuse." She moved slowly away and nodded a friendly farewell.

The door of the library was ajar, and Pauline pushed it gently open and peeped inside.

Seated at a flat desk was Ruth Greye. In the subdued light of the dimly lighted room she looked like a marble statue. Her gown was white, and above it her white throat arose in a stately column to support her beautiful head. Her face was lovely in spite of its pallor and crowned with soft masses of prematurely whitened hair. Her brows formed straight black lines, and the dark lashes and brown eyes were drooped over the desk. One white hand glided smoothly across the paper as she wrote.

Pauline watched her with admiration in her eyes. What could have been the sorrow that had taken all the light from her aunt's face and left it a beautiful mask of woe?

Miss Greye looked up and caught the girl's admiring gaze. A faint pink tinged her cheek and then faded. She wiped her pen and placed it on the tray, thrust her papers in a velvet portfolio and arose to her stately height.

"Pauline," she said in her slow contralto, "I have instructed James to lay out a new court on the north side of the house. In the meantime please do not play tennis."

"Why not?" asked Pauline boldly.

"Because I desire it," returned her aunt haughtily. "That should be reason enough, Pauline, but I will add that the owners of the house next door have returned, and I forbid any one of my household having communication with them."

"I am sorry," said Pauline calmly, "but I have been talking with the son, Paul Graham."

"What do you mean? Where did you meet him?" demanded Miss Greye quickly.

In a few words Pauline related the incident which had led to her acquaintance with young Graham. "He said he used to know you when he was a little boy, Aunt Ruth, but if you don't wish me to I won't speak to him again."

Miss Greye's fine eyes blazed with anger. "I do not forbid you to, Pauline, but I hope you will not. Paul Graham's father is a detestable man. When I tell you that once upon a time I was engaged to marry him he was a widower, and Paul was a little lad in dresses then. Walter Graham is a publisher, and I showed him a poem I had written. Pauline, he laughed at it."

Pauline, startled by this sudden confidence, knew not what to say. Makers of books and publishers were remote beings who rarely strayed into her practical little world. Still, she longed to comfort the troubled woman.

"Perhaps he laughed because—was it a humorous poem, Aunt Ruth?" she asked timidly.

"Humorous!" scoffed Miss Greye. "It was called 'Love's Dirge.'"

"Oh," said Pauline faintly. "I have no doubt it was a beautiful poem."

"It was," admitted the poetess briefly. "After that, of course, everything was ended between Walter and me. I had the gate in the rose garden nailed up, and now the hedge has so overgrown it that it cannot be found. It is like the incident—it is closed for ever."

"And overgrown with the roses of memory," murmured Pauline as she left the room and went upstairs.

In the library Ruth Greye stood with down bent head, her eyes fixed on the rug at her feet. "The roses of memory," she repeated softly, and there were tears in her eyes.

At the end of six weeks the repairs on the stone house were about completed. Father and son had overseen the regeneration of the neglected estate until it verily bloomed as the roses that crowded it. Paul Graham had registered time by his encounters with Pauline Greye.

They had met many times. Four times he had passed her pony cart as his motor whizzed by. Then he had tired of the car as an unsociable means of locomotion and mounted a horse. Often he had overtaken her equipage and ridden slowly beside her as they talked, for Pauline had decided she would avail herself to Miss Greye's permission and continue her acquaintance with the most interesting young man she had ever met. Their acquaintance ripened quickly, and one day when Pauline returned home and saw the reflection of her own happy face in the mirror she blushed as she realized she had learned the most beautiful thing in the world. After that she did not drive. She shyly kept to the northern grounds or dreamed over a book in the wide veranda.

Paul haunted the roads restlessly. His own love was an acknowledged fact to himself, yet because of Pauline's unguarded position he dared not trust himself to see much of her, and he was miserable when she, too, hid herself away.

One gloriously beautiful morning Ruth Greye arose from a sleepless couch and walked slowly among the dew drenched roses in her garden. She stopped now and then to inhale the fragrance of a Cloth of Gold rose or to break a tiny cluster of half opened buds. Suddenly she came to the place where the hedge had overgrown the rustic gate. She stopped abruptly and looked with startled eyes.

The hedge had been carefully trimmed away, and the rustic gate, released from its fastenings, swung idly with the light breeze. Ruth moved close to the hedge and buried her face in the sweet smelling roses.

There was a firm step on the path, and she looked up quickly to meet the glance of Walter Graham on the other side of the rustic gate. Her breath came quickly, and she summoned all her pride and fortitude to steel her heart against her former lover.

His hand was on the swinging gate. "You have opened it at last, Ruth," he said in a low tone. "Did you open it for me after all these years?"

She did not answer. She was looking through the vistas of the rose garden, for in the distance two people were walking. It was Paul and Pauline, and his arm was about her waist, and the glint of her golden hair shone against the black of his coat. So Ruth and Walter had once walked in years gone by.

"Did you open the gate for me, Ruth?" repeated Walter Graham patiently.

Ruth pointed toward the lovers. "I am too proud and obstinate to do such a gracious deed," she said slowly. "She—Pauline—must have opened the gate for your son. Walter, let me open the gate for you. Will you come back?" She laid her hand on the gate, and it swung back for the first time in many years to admit him to the garden of his love.

NAMES AND FACES.

Douglas Marked the Man He Wanted to Know Again.

"Stephen A. Douglas had the most remarkable memory for faces of any man in public life," declares a correspondent. "Upon the occasion of a visit to Washington on election day in 1880 the late Colonel John W. Forney was discussing the election of Garfield over Hancock with Colonel Harmon of Detroit. Colonel Harmon had been mayor of Detroit and prominent in national politics. Harmon and Forney got to talking about earlier politics, and Harmon related the story of a meeting with Douglas in New York. Douglas had been nominated in Baltimore by one faction of the Democratic party. Breckinridge was chosen by the other faction in Charleston. When he heard of his nomination Douglas was in New York. He entered the Astor House, then the headquarters for all politicians and the principal hotel in New York, and immediately was surrounded by his political admirers. Among them was Colonel Harmon. The latter, according to the story he told me, put forth his hand and congratulated Douglas on his nomination.

"'Thank you, Colonel Harmon,' replied Douglas.

"Harmon was amazed that Douglas should have remembered his name, for he had met the 'little giant' but once, fifteen years before, and then for but a brief period. After a time he returned and asked Douglas how he was able to call him by name.

"'My dear colonel,' said Douglas, 'whenever I meet a man I want to know again I put a mark on him and I never forget.'"—Washington Post.

THE BRITISH CABINET.

How Its Secret Documents Are Protected and Printed.

Each member of the cabinet is supplied with a key which fits the lock of a certain dispatch box retained by the prime minister. At any particular crisis, when important papers reach Downing street, the premier, after perusing them, places them in the dispatch box and hands the box to a special messenger who rides it round to each member of the cabinet in succession. Each member opens it with his key and relocks it after he has read the documents it contains. In this way the papers are prevented from falling into the hands of strangers or members of parliament who are not in the cabinet.

Now and again it is found necessary to print copies of a "secret" which comes up for discussion at a meeting of the cabinet. The document is cut up into many small pieces and distributed among a goodly number of compositors in the government printing works, each of whom sets up his little piece, and the little piece may represent only a dozen lines of type. When all the fragments are in type a highly trusted official collects both the copy and the type and puts the latter together. The printing of the document is then done in secret under the eyes of this official, and the men who work the printing machine are forbidden to handle any of the paper after it is printed upon.—National Magazine.

Reverse Methods In India.

Lady Wilson, the wife of an eminent Anglo-Indian official and long resident in India, in her book, "Letters From India," says: "It amuses me to notice the way the Indians reverse the order in which we do things. For instance, at home men take off their hats when they come into a house; Indians keep on their turbans, but take off their shoes. We beckon with the palms of our hands turned inward; they beckon with them turned out. My ayah lays my slippers in a row with the toes pointing toward me. The cook begins to read his Hindustani book of recipes from the last page backward and writes his accounts from right to left. When the native carpenter uses native screws he screws them in from right to left and saws inward, which makes one nervous."

A Poser.

A verbatim fragment from the law courts:

King's Counsel (examining witness)—Did you know—you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really; it was the 24th; it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counterclaim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?

Witness—What!—St. James' Gazette.

A Strict Grammarian.

"You think a great deal of your husband, don't you?" said the visiting relative.

"You have the wrong preposition," answered Mr. Meekton's wife, with the cold tones of the superior woman. "I think for him."—Washington Star.

The Spirit That Wins.

Griggs—I admire Parker immensely. He has a hard time making both ends meet, but he's game from the word go. Briggs—Game! Why, Parker looks upon the struggle with the wolf as a mere sporting event.—Boston Transcript.

Something Like It.

"What was the matter with the old gentleman who was so fond of arguing about everything?"

"I don't know, but I believe the doctors said it was something like discussion on the brain."—Baltimore American.

Who blackens others does not whiten himself.

HER ENGAGEMENT.

It Started Conflicting Emotions at Work in Her Mother.

Mrs. DeGroff drew a deep sigh when her daughter told her that she had become engaged to Mr. Bobles.

"I suppose it's foolish of me to feel so bad about it," she said, wiping her eyes, but I can't help it. I know it's a woman's destiny to be married, dear, and I have always hoped that you would marry and be happy. But a mother can never lose a daughter without feeling deeply on the subject. She can never help regarding it as an awful loss—a tragedy. She cannot give up her little girl, even to the best man that ever lived, without the deepest reluctance."

"But, mother dear, I shall come and see you often. And you mustn't cry as if it were going to happen right away. You will have time to get used to it."

"Will I? How soon are you to be married?"

"Not for nearly a year. Bob thinks that"—

"Not for a year? What on earth does he mean by putting it off that long? I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, the smirking young snip! If he did he'd insist on having the wedding right away. And I shall tell him so. You bring him to time, Clara. You tell him that he'll either marry you next month or never. Huh! I'll show him!"

MAKING UMBRELLAS.

The Way These Necessary Articles Are Put Together.

In most umbrella factories the task of turning out ribs and stems is left to other factories making a specialty of those parts. These are sent to the manufacturer, and the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod and adjusts the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth or silk seventy-five thicknesses or thereabouts are arranged upon a table at which skilled operators work. In one department there are girls who operate humming machines. A thousand yards of hemmed goods is but a day's work for one of these girls. The machines doing this job attain a speed of some 3,000 revolutions a minute. After the hemming has been done the cloth or silk is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth. The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery.

The covers and frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame. The handle is next glued on, and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection.

The Medicine of Generosity.

Generosity has wonderful power in curing trouble which by any other means would seem incurable. The story is told of a poor blind woman in Paris who put 27 francs on the plate at a missionary meeting. A friend remonstrated, "You cannot afford so much out of your small earnings." "Oh, yes, I can," she answered; "I've figured it out and know just what I can afford to give." When asked to explain she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at nights?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I saved so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp, and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."—Christian Herald.

Told His Fortune.

While crossing the East Boston ferry the other evening a little fellow approached me, saying, "Tell yer fortune for a nickel, mister."

After a few words with the young fellow I consented. He took my hand and said, "At first I thought you were going to become a rich man, but it's all off now."

I asked him his reason.

"Well, yer see, boss, anybody who parts with his money on a scheme like I played you for will never be one of them financiers."

I gave him another nickel for his philosophy.—Boston Traveler.

They Used to Eat Crows.

Our forefathers despised some dishes which we regard as delicacies. In the thirteenth century, for instance, although partridges abounded in England, they were eaten only by peasants and were never seen in the houses of the nobles. Hares, too, were despised by the upper classes, and even among the poor a strong prejudice existed against them. On the other hand, gourmets in the middle ages ate herons, cranes, crows, storks, cormorants, bitterns and other birds which would revolt the least dainty feeder of today.—London Chronicle.

Turn About.

"Every husband ought to make his bride a regular allowance from the start," said a guest at a wedding reception in New York.

"This is but just," he continued, "because from the start every bride finds that she must constantly make allowances for her husband."

In a Pinch.

"Can't you assume a little more pleasing expression of countenance?" asked the photographer.

"Y-yes, sir," hesitatingly answered the sitter. "Wait a minute and I'll take off these new shoes."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEEL PROBLEMS.

Does the Edge of the Wheel Revolve Around the Axle?

"The wheel that turns under the locomotive or the car has a long and queer history," says a writer in the Railroad Man's Magazine, "but the mystery is still with us and whirls a hundred question marks before our eyes every minute of the day.

"Of course every one believes that the edge of the wheel goes around the axle. But does it? Take the end of any spoke near the tire or any part of the tire and on a still, windless night fasten a candle to it; then back off till nothing can be seen but that candle flame.

"Let the wheel revolve slowly, free from the ground. The candle flame makes a circle of fire all right and goes around the axle. Now lower the wheel until it rests on the ground and start ahead. The flame suddenly stops going in a circle and begins to make a wavy line, first high and then low. It goes around nothing at all.

"Men with clear minds can perform the experiment satisfactorily by tying a handkerchief around the tire in daylight, but to do this takes a keen mathematical imagination, because the eye is confused by other moving objects and is not able to see the handkerchief free from these other influences.

"At night the candle flame alone can be seen, so that is perhaps the best time to try the matter out. Tie a torch to a locomotive driver and then send the engine slowly back and forth while the observer is off some hundred feet distant in the dark. The torch does not move in a circle. It simply goes ahead somewhat like a flying machine rising and falling in the wind, coming to a dead stop at its lowest point and going twice as fast as the engine when at its highest point.

"The fact that the bottom of an engine wheel always stands still is more easy to learn than the fact that the top of the wheel moves just twice as fast as the train, but this can be proved easily with a piece of board.

"Take a piece of board, say, ten feet long and lay one end on top of the wheel. Now move the engine forward two feet and you will find that the board has gone ahead four feet, just twice as far as the engine. Lay down the board and tie two pieces of string to the wheel, one at the top and the other at the bottom, where it rests on the ground. Now run your engine forward two feet and see what happens. The bottom string has moved forward, too, but not nearly so far as has the top piece of string, although the ends were even at the start."

Plants Breaking Up an Island.

The layman would scarcely associate great strength with so delicate and fragile a thing as maidenhair fern; yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms has been known to lift a large stone. Indeed, plants are on record as having broken the hardest rocks. The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.—Scientific American.

Bathrooms In Paris.

An observant English journalist in Paris has—as a hot weather amusement—made a private census of bathrooms. He calculates that in all the flats and private houses of Paris there are about 2,500 bathrooms. And this writer, lying in his own bath and making another calculation, will bet a bathful of water that he could get up and pitch a cricket ball from the garden about his modest flat this way and that over as many bathrooms. It is a curious little difference of national architecture. And the quaintness of the difference comes with the fact that you see more people in London who look—yes—dirty than in Paris. Even the beggar in Paris is clean in face, finger nails and clothes.—London Chronicle.

He Didn't Know.

"I didn't expect any better treatment than this," said the lady on the pier scathingly to the inspector whom she suspected of rudeness. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!"

"As to that I don't know, madam," said the inspector placidly. "I do not recall any ruling of the treasury department on that point. If you are bringing in any of either you'd better declare them and leave the classification to us."—Harper's Weekly.

The Island of Hongkong.

Hongkong is an island about eleven miles long, with a width of from one to three miles, and consists almost entirely of a series of hills. There is a good road around a portion of the island on the sea front, but the grades up the mountains are too steep for practical automobiling, and the streets generally are not wide enough and not strongly enough constructed to permit the use of heavy cars upon them.

An Enthusiast.

Towne—Oh, yes, he's quite an enthusiast. He goes in for things in real earnest. Browne—Yes; if some one were to send him on a wild goose chase he'd speak of himself afterward as a sportsman.—Catholic Standard.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

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Hidden Treasure of Red Rock

How Wealth Came to a Moki King's Descendant

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER

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"Look here, Laura; if that medicine man fakir fellow isn't Carlos Noran of our senior class I'm a liar; that's all."

"The idea!" after the manner of women, exclaimed pretty goblin blond Laura Degart. "Why, Buddie, Mr. Noran is the most dignified member of our class."

Miss Degart looked nervous. She poked the ground with her parasol.

"So he is. But I'll bet you a dollar that's Noran and nobody else. He comes

"YOU SEE YOU WERE DEAD WRONG," SAID LAURA.

from somewhere in New Mexico And from the looks of him he might be Spanish, Mexican, Navajo, greaser or anything else."

"Oh, Buddie (warmly), I'm sure Mr. Noran is as well born and bred as any man in the college."

"No doubt. But all the same it's not impossible he might be doing these Moki stunts for money at the summer resorts. If this fellow is not Noran it's his twin brother."

"Come along, Laura; the fellow's finished. I'm going out right after him. I'll call him and see if he doesn't jump. Hello, Noran, old chap! I say, how are you?"

Not a sign of recognition, not a start or a stare. Naonoro gave his assistant some directions in an Indian language. Then he opened a quaintly woven basket and offered the brother and sister some magic medicine beans warranted to keep off malaria, rheumatism and fevers. They bought some and passed on.

"You see you were dead wrong," said Laura.

"I'm not altogether sure of that, sis, but he's a good looking humbug anyway and clean and got up to kill, with that red and blue and yellow blanket around him, and the red paint on his cheeks."

Carlos Noran, senior class, state university, Southington, who bore such a queer resemblance to a Moki medicine show fakir, was the most respectable of students. He never cut chapel, never missed a lesson or a co-ed reception, never dodged a lecture on the development of social ethics. He was one of the best scholars in the institution. He was a crack baseball player and a noted long distance swimmer. In figure he was erect and nobly formed; though athletic, not lean and bony, but with rounded muscles. He had thick, straight hair that was purple in its blackness. His face never changed its color, a pure ivory white, hardly ever changed its expression.

Noran dressed with absolute correctness. The matron of the coeds declared he had the best manners among the college youths. He had not only manners, but manner, and it was superb enough for a king or a Hindu swami at the very least. He was generous with money and seemed to have plenty of it. Socially he was welcomed among the best citizens' families at Southington. The Degarts were his friends, though they wondered what his family was.

When Laura and Harold Degart left the medicine man he entered the tent in which he lived, threw off the bright figured blanket and sat down to write.

Now Naonoro wrote:

"Thoughts and purposes are always fixed in my mind better when I write them down. I will find the lost treasure of the Mokis and win a girl for my wife. That is the purpose of me, Naonoro, Moki medicine man. I know the girl is for me. I knew it when I first touched her hand three years ago. She is the lily of the white people.

"I am going to write down all I know of the story of my life. That will make my memory clearer and help to concentrate my thought.

"The first place I remember was an Indian reservation school. I don't know how I got into it. They told me my mother brought me to the agency when I was about two years old. They found us lying, my mother and myself, at the door of the agent's house one morning. Mother was dead—if she really was my mother. I was asleep I could say only one word—'Naonoro'—so they called me that for my name That is all I know about myself.

"I stayed in the reservation school and was a good boy till I was twelve. Then the bureau of education sent me east to an Indian school. It intended to make a civilized Indian of me. I attended that school two years. I was a good boy again and learned my lessons. But all this time I was thinking, thinking. The white teachers looked down on us Indian boys. They felt themselves far above us. The people of the village where the school was looked down on us too. I looked at myself in the still water of the river. I shook my fist and imagined I was shaking it in the face of the teacher I disliked most. 'I'm whiter than you are,' I said to him in my imagination. 'I'll run away from this school.'

"A Moki boy and I ran away together. We went to his people, and I lived among his tribe. An old Moki woman with a face like the wrinkled bark of a brown tree adopted me for her grandson. I learned to do dances and reel off incantations with the best of them. It was not a bad life. I would have been happy, but I had learned white men's ways. I felt half white, half Moki. Sometimes the white man was uppermost, sometimes the Moki. In one of my white fits I said: 'I won't be an Indian. I'll turn white. The white man's learning, the white man's money and power—they shall be mine.'

"I was seventeen then—reservation waif, Moki blanket Indian boy. I am twenty-four now—college senior, member of the most extravagant Greek letter society and—yes, maybe the fairest girl—but never mind. What I have done I have done all myself. How? Would these proud white people accept me as one of them if they knew?

"When I was seventeen and had made up my mind to turn white a showman came among our tribe looking for presentable Indians to go in a circus and perform the tribal dances and the juggling feats of our medicine men. I went. I made a circus of myself. I became a professional snake charmer and Moki medicine man. I got money enough that season to go to a white boys' school as a white boy. I have been doing the same thing summer vacations ever since, and nobody ever appeared to recognize me till today. I wonder if I deceived the Degarts.

"The summer I turned white the old woman who had adopted me made me give her my solemn promise that I would come back to her after I left school. She told me it was of the utmost importance; that she knew how to give me power and the hidden treasure of the Snake Mokis. I am going next summer. Old Teresa never told me a lie.

"Now I have written my story down. It is fixed in my mind. My purpose is fixed in my mind. Naonoro, the Moki medicine man, will get riches. He will marry the lily of the white people, and she will not be ashamed of him."

* * * * * * * *

"I suppose our class will never all see one another again after this commencement night, Mr. Noran," said Laura Degart a year later.

Noran looked at her.

"Miss Degart, you will see me again if you wish to. I am going away to make my fortune. Before I go I would like to hear you say, 'Carl Noran, come back to me.'"

"Carl Noran, when you think you have made your fortune come back."

"Say come back to me!"

"Well, then—come back—to me."

* * * * * * * *

In the sands, among the cactus and sagebrush, in the shadow of a cliff, stand two, an aged blanket squaw with a face like the wrinkled bark of a brown tree and a man in white people's dress, a black haired young man, proud with the splendid pride of youth and power.

"Naonoro not red Indian," said the old squaw. "Naonoro half white, half brown Moki. Naonoro sure old Teresa's grandson. Mother white man's girl. She run away from father with Ramono, Teresa's son. She took him away from Teresa. Teresa very sorrowful, but she love Naonoro, Ramono's little child. By 'm by white wife tired of Moki ways. She hate Ramono. Run away, take baby with her. Ramono want son. He look every place for him, little Noro with the big black eyes. Ramono never find son. Ramono die. Teresa have no child. But Teresa know white woman would run away by 'm by. She put mark on Noro's arm one day; mark never come off. It is mark of Teresa's own people, the Snake Mokis. Has Teresa adopted grandson a serpent, a very little serpent, on right arm?"

Naonoro jumped. "It's there, sure enough," said he. "I've often wondered"—

"It is the totem of Teresa's own family. Her fathers were kings before white men came. They much rich, Teresa's people. They had gold. They had mines of blue stones, many, like pebbles on river shore. White man calls them turquoise"—

"Oh, mother, do you know where these mines are?"

"The young should be silent while the old speak. Teresa know, but Teresa will never tell. If Teresa tell white man find out. White man shall never find mines of Teresa's fathers. Pretty soon Teresa die; then nobody know."

"But, mother"—

"Let the young be silent while the old speak. When white man come with the guns he kill Mokis like sheep. He take away their blankets and their gold and all the blue stones he can find. Teresa's people hide treasures

White man whip old king, the last of Teresa's long ago fathers, to make him tell where treasure is. They whip till king die, but he not tell. His daughter know; old king tell her. She tell her daughter; that daughter tell her daughter. Snake Moki squaws have secrets Snake Moki man not know. Old king's daughter tell her daughter when of Snake Moki family come son who is strong and wise, not run away before face of white man, not let white man make drunk, cheat him and find out where Snake treasure is. Then mother of Snake Moki wise young man tell her son. Son will be rich and know school learning and be powerful like white man. White man cannot tramp on him. He will help Mokis.

"Naonoro strong. He not drink whisky; white men not cheat him. Naonoro much wise. Teresa tell her own grandson where Snake Moki treasure is. Here at this rock starts trail, where mark is cut in rock."

As if repeating an incantation she chanted:

"Twelve steps toward north star, mark last step. Go back to rock. Sixteen steps toward rising sun. Where rising sun trail ends turn face toward where north star trail ends. Ten steps in straight line. Mark place. Go to end of north star trail, turn face to end of rising sun trail. Ten steps to meet end of other ten steps. Drive stake down. Dig far down to big red rock. Under red rock big water jar full of gold, blue stones, red stones, many like stars in sky. Make Naonoro much rich."

Naonoro leaped forward.

A leathery hand shot out and held him back.

"Not so, not in day. Come night, then dig. Teresa come too."

In the moonlight, with no sound to break the brooding stillness, the deed was done. A power that was strange and new to him was in the arms of Naonoro. He felt it in the air, in a million little waves, when, step by step carefully, with eyes upon the ground, he measured twelve steps toward the north star, sixteen steps toward the rising sun, ten steps from each stopping point till the trails met in the center. Then a light dawned in his mind.

"Why, of course, the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle. The old Snake Moki king, my ancestor, must have understood geometry."

Treasure, treasure—burning rubies, enough to pay a railroad debt; gorgeous turquoises whose exquisite blue gleamed even in the moonlight; thousands of Spanish doubloons, their shine scarcely tarnished in the dry air, though more than three centuries had changed the face of earth and its nations; rings and necklaces of beaten gold; bracelets that had adorned pale brown arms, round and royal, turned to dust—who knows how many centuries agone?

At Southington.

Carlos Noran, immaculate, impressive, royal as ever, stood beside Laura Degart at the window looking out on her garden where the roses bloomed.

"You told me I might come back to you when I had made my fortune. It is made. Am I welcome?"

"None could be more welcome," she answered gently.

"I love you, Laura. You know it. No man will ever love you again as much as I do. I have always loved you. But first I must tell you. I have my fortune, but it is none of my mak-

"LET THE YOUNG BE SILENT."

ing. My grandmother, a very old Moki squaw, showed me where it had been hidden centuries ago by her ancestor, a Snake Moki. It is rightfully mine, my inheritance. Laura, your white people would call me a half breed Indian. My mother was a white woman. I am the Moki medicine man you and your brother saw at that show two years ago. I earned money that way."

She laid her hand in his, the white hand in the brown one. She looked up at him as a woman looks at the man she loves.

"I know it, dear. I have known it all the time."

The world wonders why Mr. and Mrs. Noran live in the southwest when they are so well fitted to adorn civilization and civilization is so well fitted to adorn them. There are those, too, who wonder why they take such tender care of an aged Moki woman with a face like the wrinkled bark of a brown tree. She is said to be Mr. Noran's old nurse. But when this aged Moki squaw dies there will not be left among the living one soul who knows the mystery of the great lost Snake turquoise mine.

Men Who Cry on the Street.

"I was standing on the street corner waiting for a car," said a caller at the Deaconess home in Chicago, "and I saw a man walking along with bowed head, crying! No, he had not been drinking. He looked like a respectable workingman of middle age. I wanted to speak to him, but—I didn't. What do you suppose was the matter?"

The deaconess whom he was addressing said nothing, but she knew why some "respectable middle aged men" walk the city streets crying. Visions rose before her: A man who had just visited his boy, in jail for stealing—a man who has been hunting work for three weeks and "lost out" every time, till the dearly loved wife and baby at home were literally starving—a man who had just had a flashlight of his own degradation and was comparing it with the innocence of the clean hearted lad that used to cuddle into his mother's lap. The men go weeping along the streets sometimes, but oftener far they go too dead at heart to weep.—Christian Herald.

The Death Pain.

A reporter asked a well known surgeon whether his experience as a medical man had led him to believe that death is painless.

"Speaking generally," he said, "the death agony is very rarely attended by pain, because the system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain and by the obtunding of the nerves. Of course some people have more pain than others, and this is very largely determined by temperament. A nervous man—all other things being equal—suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger, but the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. Men of education face death with greater fortitude than men who are not educated. Women are almost always pluckier than men. They endure pain much better."—London Globe.

The Biter Bitten.

A Philadelphia man went to a dealer to purchase a dozen homing pigeons and was both surprised and delighted at the extremely low price asked for the birds. The bargain was finally concluded and the pigeons delivered. Two weeks later the gentleman happened to be passing, when the dealer stopped him and asked him how the birds were getting on.

"I don't know," replied the gentleman. "I have not heard from my friend."

"Your friend?"

"Yes; I bought them for a man in San Francisco."

The dealer's jaw fell in dismay, and then, with a rueful laugh, he admitted that he had sold the birds so cheaply because he knew that on being released they would immediately return to their old home. But from San Francisco! It was a clear case of the biter being bitten.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Life of a Gown.

"A lawsuit in which women's clothes are the center of litigation teaches even a woman many things she never before suspected about the clothes she wears," said a well dressed woman. "Last week I was present at a trial in which a woman was attempting to secure full insurance for gowns damaged by fire. In the expert testimony it was asserted no dress has a money value in law after it has been worn ten times. According to that theory, every gown owned by the plaintiff had outlived its usefulness before the fire came along to complete its destruction, and with the exception of a trifling sum representing the actual worth of old material the insurance company was absolved from its obligations."—New York Sun.

One View of Mountain Climbers.

Mountain climbing, now a popular part of an outing at home and abroad, was regarded in a far different light in its earlier days. "Murray's Guide to Switzerland," published in 1838, in the section devoted to Mont Blanc, soberly related that "it is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent have been of unsound mind." This quotation will console many timid souls.—Argonaut.

How Lincolnshire Shepherds Count.

Yan (1), tan (2), tethera (3), pethera (4), pimp (5), sethera (6), lethera (7), hovera (8), covera (9), dik (10), yan-a-dik (11), tan-a-dik (12), tethera-dik (13), pethera-dik (14), bumpit (15), yan-a-bumpit (16), tan-abumpit (17), etc., jiggit (20).—From "Shepherds of Britain," by A. L. J. Gosset.

Chinese Business Houses.

Most of the Chinese business houses are owned by partnerships, and most partnerships are of a large number of persons. The Chinese who has saved $100 local currency will at once invest it in a mercantile business and become a partner.

Goldsmith's Poverty.

Goldsmith had to sell his "Vicar of Wakefield," that masterpiece of English fiction, for a comparatively small sum in order to pay his rent. Want often pinched him to the core.

Juries.

Formerly a jury in England who could not agree were sent to prison, and during Queen Elizabeth's reign a banquet was usually given to the jury by the successful litigant.

To die for one's great ideas is glorious—and easy. The horror is to outlive them.—John Oliver Hobbes.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

His Great Generosity.

"We are getting up a subscription," began the lady who was carrying around the paper. Her voice trembled as she spoke, for the person she was now bracing happened to be the richest fellow in the community. She hoped against hope that she would get something fat from him.

"You are getting up a subscription?" echoed the millionaire, with a sweet smile. "I'm sure you'll be very successful. And what can I do?"

"Would you—could you"—she nearly fainted at her assurance—"would you p-p-put your name down on this paper for a h-h-hundred dollars?"

There—it was done. He wouldn't have missed a thousand, but she was pretty courageous to ask for as much as she did. His gentle smile reassured her.

"Will I put my name down for a hundred dollars?" said he. "Why, my dear young lady, I don't charge that amount for the use of my name when charity is the cause. I will put my name down, of course, but not for a hundred dollars. I won't charge you a cent for it. It is a slight service."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Female Housefly.

A female house fly which has hibernated in a dwelling house, or elsewhere, may produce in the spring, at the lowest estimate, 120 eggs. Assuming that one-half of these hatch as females, and allowing that the breeding goes on without check for four months, we have as the descendants of a single hibernating individual 214,557,844,320,000,000,000 flies. Now, a house fly measures exactly one-fourth of an inch in length; the distance around the earth at the equator is said to be 24,800 miles. It would take, therefore, 3,683,812,000 flies placed end to end to go around the world once. Using this number as a denominator, and the number of flies produced in four months from one mother as a numerator, we find she will give rise, in the course of a summer, to enough flies to encircle the globe at the equator 5,000 times and have plenty of progeny to spare.—Professor F. L. Washburn in Popular Science Monthly.

Severe.

A story is going the rounds at a certain university regarding one of the sarcastic professors, who was recently conducting an oral examination in a very scientific study.

There was one student, handsome, easy and self possessed, who appeared to be utterly ignorant of the simplest phases of the subject.

Professor W. put question after question to him without receiving one intelligent reply. Finally the student said naively:

"I'm very unfortunate, professor; you never ask me anything I know."

The professor said nothing, but gravely tore off a tiny piece of paper from a convenient pad.

"Here, Mr. B.," he said, handing it to the student, "write all you know. Take plenty of time—there's no hurry."

What Rhymes With Babe?

A common English word for which there is only one rhyme is "babe," and it was Swinburne who used it with exquisite appropriateness in "A Rhyme:"

Babe, if rhyme be none
For that sweet small word
Babe, the sweetest one
Ever heard.

Right it is and meet
Rhyme should keep not true
Time with such a sweet
Thing as you.

Love alone, with yearning
Heart for astrolabe,
Takes the sun's height, burning
O'er the babe.

"Silence" is another word beloved of poets that has no rhyme. Mrs. Browning went to the very limits of her passion for assonance when she rhymed it with "islands."

Oddities About Alphabets.

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country because they had in their alphabet no f, r or l—a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley or rey—without faith, law or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b, "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"—Blackwood's Magazine.

Something Was.

Rivers was smoking a cheap cigar.

"Seems to me," said Brooks, "I smell something like cloth burning."

But Rivers was game.

He touched the lighted end of his cigar to his shirt sleeve.

"No wonder," he said, exhibiting the burned spot.—Chicago Tribune.

The Trouble.

Gramercy—We can't afford to give a dinner in the house. Besides, we haven't the things. Mrs. Gramercy—Pshaw! We can borrow the silver. Gramercy—Yes, and have the guests carry most of it away as souvenirs.—Judge.

A Second Washing.

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy, and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right if you'll wash the boy."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Changed the Geography.

"This goulash was spoiled in cooking, sir. Shall I cross it off the bill?"

"No, you chump! Put it down as goulash a la Russe under the head of special dishes."—Jugend.

The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.

Private Coleridge.

In his young days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment which he hoped would be ordered on foreign service. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials, so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Private Silas Tomkins Camberbatch. The regiment did not leave the country, and it was not long before his soul wearied of barrack life and its utter absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion. One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry go two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation which the other corrected. The first insisted on his correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong. While they disputed the sentry suddenly presented arms and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation, name of the author and other circumstances. This incident led to an inquiry, and the poet was restored to the bosom of his family.—London Graphic.

In a Japanese Temple.

"Asakuse-temple is dedicated to the goddess Kwannon, a tiny image of gold, about two and one-half inches high," writes a traveler in Japan. "At the entrance to the temple grounds on either side of the immense gate stand two large and fearful looking figures, guarding the sacred precincts. Hanging outside the wire grating are a number of sandals for their use if they wish to take a walk, and rice is sprinkled about. Each worshiper, before entering the temple, calls at a small building, and after contributing a small amount, washes his hands and rinses his mouth. In front of the main shrine is a large aperture in the floor, covered with latticework, into which the worshiper casts his gift. After clapping his hands to awaken or attract the attention of the god, he kneels, but his prayer is only brief. While there is one chief shrine there are many others under the same roof. One shrine especially attracted my attention; it was made of wood, and quite disfigured and worn through the constant rubbing of hands on the spot corresponding to the afflicted portions of the sufferers' bodies."—Chicago News.

Tower of Hercules.

Travelers may still see on the coast of the English channel at Dover the ruins of a Roman lighthouse that was built at the time of the Roman conquest of Britain. Another ancient lighthouse, built less than a century after the tower at Dover, is still serving its original purpose. It was partly rebuilt and some alterations were made in it, but in the main it is the same old structure that guided the Roman galleys as they skirted the coasts of the bay of Biscay, making their way to the Roman port of Brigantium. This is the modern harbor of La Coruna, and the lighthouse is the most ancient thing about it. The Romans called it the tower of Hercules, and the moderns have perpetuated the name. The exact date of its erection is not known, but inscriptions and other evidence show that it was built in the time of Trajan, between 98 and 117 A. D.—Exchange.

Force of Habit.

"It's curious how habits fasten themselves on people. You know Wappsley?"

"Yes."

"He's an enthusiastic fisherman and always has a story to tell about some gigantic monster of the deep that he almost caught."

"I've heard him tell a lot of lies of that kind."

"Well, it seems that burglars broke into his house the other night and he got up and captured one of them—a little fellow—but you ought to hear him tell about the size of the one that got away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dana's Ten Books.

Charles A. Dana once made a list of ten "indispensable books." They are the Bible, Shakespeare, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's "History of the United States," Irving's "Life of Washington," Franklin's "Autobiography," Channing's "Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln."

Repudiated the Spelling.

Once while in Pittsburg Andrew Carnegie had a telegram sent and stood waiting until it reached the operator. He listened attentively to the clicking of the key, then immediately wrote a new telegram, as follows: "The other message mine; spelling the operator's."

Her Secret.

Bessie—Did you tell the girls at the tea that great secret I confided to you and Elsie? Eva—No; isn't it a shame? That horrid Elsie got there first and told them before I arrived!

Not the Cook's Fault.

Mistress—Really, Marie, whenever I come into the kitchen I see you doing nothing. Cook—You're right, mum; you never have any luck, do you?—Fliegende Blatter.

Setting Him Right.

He—My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof. She—I don't live on the roof.

It's finer being a small hunk of sunshine than a big bank of fog.—Henry F. Cope.

Birds and Fishes and Glass.

A correspondent recently reported what he described as the "curious freak" of a blackbird flying against a parlor window many times at the same spot continuously. Such an incident is not uncommon. Birds have been known to fight for hours at a time, day after day, with their own image reflected in a pane of glass, pecking and fluttering against the pane and quite exhausting themselves in their fury to demolish the supposed rival. It is another instance of how the arts of our civilization corrupt and confuse the birds. It is the same with fishes. Darwin tells a story of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate glass from fish which were its proper food. In trying to get at the fish the pike would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. It did this for more than three months before it learned caution. Then when the glass was removed the pike would not attack those particular fish, but would devour others freshly introduced. It did not at all understand the situation, but associated the punishment it had received not with the glass, but with a particular kind of fish.

Boiled Down.

When Samuel G. Blythe, the writer, was editing a newspaper in New York state a green reporter one night turned in a long and thrilling story regarding the rough treatment handed out to John Smith, a visitor to the town. The story related that Mr. Smith, wearing a high silk hat, had ventured down to the docks after nightfall and a silk hat being unusual and provocative of antagonisms in that section Mr. Smith had emerged from among the dock hands without the hat. Nevertheless he carried out of the melee so many wounds, cuts and bruises that he had to be sent to the hospital. The article in its original form was too long and not in keeping with the style of the paper. Accordingly Blythe started to rewrite it. This is the form in which it appeared in the paper the next morning: "John Smith, wearing a high silk hat, went down to the docks last night—Emergency hospital."—Popular Magazine.

Wagner's Last Words.

There have been so many and conflicting stories published as to the last hours of Richard Wagner that the chapter devoted to this point in Glasenapp's biography of the composer will be read with interest. The master was not really sick at the time, but tired out from the work and worry over the "Parsifal" rehearsals. On the morning of Feb. 13 he said to his valet, "I must be careful today." After breakfast he went to his study as usual and worked on an essay on "The Feminine In the Human." He asked to be excused at the noon meal, and the family and an intimate friend were enjoying it when a woman servant rushed in and said that the great man was ill. He was placed on a cot in his study, and while removing some of his clothes a watch which his wife had given to him fell to the floor. He gasped, "My watch!" And these were the last words he uttered.

A Race of Tenors.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus, in South America, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like women and the women like children, their singing being a shrill monotone. The Australian native has a weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African bushmen would come into the same category; but, it is said, of all human beings the pygmies of Central Africa have, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices.—Harper's Weekly.

Wellington an Simplicity.

When Sir Edwin Landseer was painting the duke's portrait, hoping to save him the trouble of much sitting, he wrote and asked if he could let him have the trousers belonging to the uniform. The duke wrote back in all solemnity:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir Edwin Landseer and regrets that he cannot send him the trousers as he has but one pair."—London Nation.

Wanted an Even Start.

"Pa, you know you told me to count twenty before I punched another boy?"

"Yes."

"Well, in order to make it work out right you have got to go around the neighborhood and make the other boys promise to count twenty before they take a punch at me."—Houston Post.

The Largest Restaurant.

In the Berlin zoological garden restaurant, the largest in the world, 10,000 persons can sit down simultaneously beneath the same roof. Open air terraces for use in summer will accommodate another 10,000 diners. There are 1,000 waiters, and the kitchen staff exceeds 500.

Candid.

Maud—Would you call Gerty Goldbags a beauty? May—Well, p'raps I might if I were a young man, awfully poor, in debt and utterly conscienceless.—Vanity Fair.

At the Restaurant.

"Waiter, why do you recommend everybody to take beef a la mode today?"

"Because, sir, if it isn't all eaten we shall have it for dinner ourselves."

Sparks and the Odor.

Every boy who has struck flints together to make sparks knows the typical odor that arises from the clash. He also knows that the whiter the flints the more smell they emit. This phenomenon has been observed for centuries, but scientific men have been at a loss to account for it. Many explanations have been given, but experiment has proved all of these to be erroneous. Recently, however, two Italian scientists, the brothers Piccardi, demonstrated that the smell of spark emitting flints is due solely to the minute quantities of organic matter that are upon the stone and that are burned by the sparks. This organic matter need be in only the most minute quantity, such as may be left by water in which lichens, weeds or water plants have decomposed, for the olfactory nerves are so exquisitely sensitive that they can detect the burning of almost infinitesimal bits of matter. The delicacy of these nerves is proved by the fact that even after the pebbles have been washed in lye the smell of burning can still be detected. But if the pebbles be heated in fire and then struck together at points that the hands have not touched there is absolutely no odor at all.—New York World.

Insects That Imitate Ostriches.

The habit of the ostrich of burying its head and imagining that it has eluded discovery is copied after a fashion by certain insects, according to Dr. G. Rodman in his lectures on the subject of the stick insect, or bacillus rossi, which he has cultivated. These insects, which are so called because of their resemblance to dry sticks, have two fore legs which they fold completely over their eyes when disturbed and evidently think that in so doing they themselves are lost to view. The eggs of these insects, Dr. Rodman says, take something over six months to hatch. They are only one-tenth of an inch in their longest diameter, and by some miracle an insect which at hatching is three-quarters of an inch in length is packed into them. The stick insects destroy the weaklings of their number by eating their legs.—Westminster Gazette.

A Whack at Turtle Soup.

Turtle soup is called green just because turtle fat is "kinder that color." And believe it, whether you now do or not, turtle soup will make anybody sweat green who eats of it often and much. Hogarth has a picture showing how green turtle soup and its fellow foods and drinkables in the good old golden days put London aldermen under the tables. From the viewpoint of nourishment turtle soup is not worth a tenth it costs. Sun dried turtles are found in some of the markets of the world, and many chefs say they are about as good as the fresh reptile. As for the true secret of mock turtle soup, it is only the scalp of a sucking calf, a gelatinous fraud, masquerading as a chunk of green turtle shell fat, but even so, it is better than the best genuine sea turtle soup at that.—New York Press.

A Floor That Turns Over.

The floor in the Apollo theater in Paris is reversible, one side being made for dancing, the other being the usual inclined floor equipped with the folding seats of a theater auditorium. The floor is mounted on a horizontal axis on which it revolves. It is built on a framework of steel girders, has an area of 2,500 square feet and weighs 100 tons. The axis, which is parallel to the front of the stage, is not in the middle of the thickness of the floor, but nearer to the seating surface than to the dancing surface. The floor swings through an excavation over thirty feet in depth.—Cement Age.

Coffee and Fatigue.

The question is often asked, What will relieve fatigue more quickly than anything else? Clerks in stores and men generally, as well as women shoppers, become at times very tired. Fortunately the British army has thrashed the question out and tried every kind of decoction that could be thought of, and we may profit by its experience. It awards the palm to coffee and declares it has neither superior nor equal for this purpose.—Indianapolis News.

Growing Pains.

Never ignore "growing pains." Many people seem to think they are perfectly natural and, in fact, that they are a necessary part of growth. As a matter of fact, they are sometimes an indication of a strong tendency to rheumatism, and a child who complains of them should wear wool next the skin always, though lighter, of course, in summer than in winter, and be properly treated by a doctor.

The Lathe.

Originally intended to be operated by the physical exertion of one man, the lathe has now reached such a state of development that in many cases forty to sixty horsepower, or the equivalent of 600 men, is necessary to operate it. It is one of the earliest forms of tool to be driven by machinery.

Novelty Excited Curiosity.

Owlaight—I had an awful time thinking up an excuse to give my wife when I got home from the club last night. Lushman—Did she demand one? Owlaight—Of course. I got home so early that it piqued her curiosity.—Exchange.

An Insult.

"Have you ever written on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person. "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"

When the tree is fallen every one goeth to it with his hatchet.

Some Welsh Words.

Welsh is a marvelously expressive language. In a souvenir guide to Carnarvon there is a list of Welsh railway stations with their English equivalents. Here are some of them: Abergwynfi, entrance to the place of bliss; Amlwch, a place of frequent expansion; Cefn Bryulch, the back of the screaking hill; Dowlais, the voice of God, and Llanbister, the manure yard road." There is also one station the name of which runs to fifty-eight letters. Its meaning is merely, "The fair church at the pool of the white seagull near the alder grove where the fodder for the oxen is stored in the red barn." And surely teetotalism ought to flourish in a country where beer is known as "cwrw."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Glimpse of Dr. Johnson.

From Boswell's "Life of Johnson:" "In one of Dr. Johnson's manuscript diaries there is the following entry, which marks his curious minute attention: 'July 26, 1768—I shaved my nail by accident in whetting the knife about an eighth of an inch from the bottom and about a fourth from the top. This I measure that I may know the growth of nails.' And 'Aug. 15, 1783, I cut from the vine forty-one leaves which weighed five ounces and a half and eight scruples. I lay them upon my bookcase, to see what weight they will lose by drying.'"

The Lion Didn't Roar.

It is related that Pfinow, the faithful servant and personal valet of Prince Bismarck, once trod on his master's gouty foot. Instead of swearing at him or even declaring he was a clumsy fool, Bismarck, noticing that Pfinow himself was frightened, said: Consider yourself honored. No other person, my dear Pfinow, not even the kaiser himself, would have been suffered to tread on my corns."

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
of
The Hamlin Bank & Trust Company of Smethport, Pa., Main Street, of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov. 6, 1911.

RESOURCES.

Reserve Fund:		
Cash, Specie and Notes	$11225 35	
Due from Approved Re-		
serve Agents	20947 77	
Legal securities at par	27500	59673 12
Nickels and cents		121 77
Checks and cash items		1193 58
Due from Banks and Trust Cos.		
not in reserve		1195 81
Assets held free, viz:		
Commercial paper purchased: Upon two or more names		7855 18
Loans upon call with collateral		3670 00
Time loans with collateral		336532 73
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		16000 00
Loans without collateral		12307 11
Bonds, Stocks etc.		206280 57
Mortgages and judgments of record		22688 92
Office building and lot		17241 94
Furniture and fixtures		2853 28
Overdrafts		720 24
Book value of reserve securities above par		1181 98
Total		$886127 21

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$50000 00
Surplus fund	15000 00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	5081 85
Individual deposits subject to check exclusive of Trust funds and Savings	27628 87
Deposits, special time, exclusive of Trust funds and Savings	750600 21
Deposits, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania	1500 00
Treasurer's and Certified Checks outstanding	197 30
Total	$886127 21

Corporate Trusts

Total amount of par value of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts $ 87000 00

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of November, 1911.

(Signed) HALLIE A. WALKER, (Notarial Seal) Notary Public

Correct Attest:
(Signed) JAS. A. McKEAN,
(Signed) CHAS. McKEAN,
(Signed) F. D. GALLUP,
Directors.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
No. 98 June Term, 1911.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Birdie Ringrose, did on the 1st day of March, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Ringrose.

We therefore command you, the said James Ringrose, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Birdie Ringrose, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Birdie Ringrose, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1911.

Tobs. B. Wilson, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
No. 221, June Term, 1911.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha Mallen, did on the 26th day of April, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, H. A. Mallen.

We, therefore command you, the said H. A. Mallen, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha Mallen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1911.

Gallup, & Shattuck, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
No. 23, June Term, 1911.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Maud S. Mott, did on the 4th day of March, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Alexus J. Mott.

We therefore command you, the said Alexus J. Mott that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Maud S. Mott and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud S. Mott, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1911.

D. H. Jack & Son, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
No. 75, February Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Jeremiah Galvin, did on the 20th day of July, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin.

We therefore command you, the said Verna P. Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Jeremiah Galvin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jeremiah Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1911.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the Office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1911:

First and Final account of Emilie Stenger, Guardian of Alice L. Stenger, late a minor child of Ernest Stenger, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution account of Albert Stohr, Guardian of Charles E. Seeley, Jr., late a minor child of Charles E. Seeley, deceased.

First and Final account of Edwin E. Tait, Guardian of Benjamin F. Hazelton, late a minor child of B. F. Hazelton, deceased.

First and Final account of C. B. Dickinson, Administrator of the estate of Helen M. Ellwood, deceased.

First and Final account of Jessie C. Edgett, Executrix of the last will and testament of A. J. Edgett, deceased.

First and Final account of R. W. Edgett and Helen E. Willis, Administrators of the estate of Robert L. Edgett, deceased, who was one of the executors of the last will and testament of A. J. Edgett, deceased.

First and Final account of R. W. Edgett and H. E. Willis, Administrators of the estate of Robert L. Edgett, deceased. Second and Final account of M. L. Willis, Administrator of the estate of Elmer S. Longstreth, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., November 14, 1911.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
62-64 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY

your turkey will taste better and you will relish your dinner better if you take the precaution to see that your wines are of the proper standard. You can easily insure this by procuring them of me. My name on a bottle of any kind of wine or liquor is a guarantee that it is of the highest quality and excellence.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,